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The Struggle for Congo

WILL UN troops yet succeed in moving into Katanga? Ever since the upstart government of M. Tshombe declared Katanga to be independent of the Congo Republic, the province has been insulated from the central government by the presence of Belgian troops, whose commander has been virtually dictating M. Tshombe's orders. At the end of this week the Belgians are formally due to start moving out – to be replaced by troops under UN command – mainly one hopes from other African countries. Whether this plan can now be carried out in the face of M. Tshombe's threats of military resistance is not clear as we write.

But if the Belgian plot to hold on to this rich mineral area is now defeated, important problems will have at once to be solved. The first is how to organise the exchange of UN for Belgian soldiers without leaving even a temporary vacuum into which racial or tribal conflict could again be poured. The second will be how to provide at least a skeleton administration. Under Belgian colonial rule, no Congolese were trained as public servants. The third urgent problem in Katanga will be to get the mines working again. It may be that some Belgian civilian technicians will be prepared to remain to serve the new regime. If not, they must be sought elsewhere. But full mining operations will become possible only when the political problem is firmly settled.

Mr Hammarskjold may find Ghana, Nigeria, and the French territories willing to second administrative personnel to assist the Congolese to get their administrative machine running again. He should do his best to ensure that they are persons fully prepared to work under the political command of the Congo government. Could such UN administrators then organise the emergency training of Congolese officials which the Belgians have deliberately neglected? If so, new horizons can be glimpsed for the United Nations. It will for the first time assume direct responsibility in the colonial and ex-colonial world. Such a scheme would be much more acceptable to colonial people than the best-intentioned imperial efforts. The Congo, even though independent, would become a UN ward, until it could stand on its own feet with its own institutions and trained public servants.

To extricate the country from administrative chaos will not in itself solve its main political problem. Katanga has asserted its separation through a puppet government which was not elected on this issue at all. Yet both in Katanga and in other provinces where tribal rivalries run high, there may well be a desire amongst the inhabitants for some looser form of association than a unitary state. This will have to be settled by the Congolese, and the United Nations cannot take any sides. The future constitution – whether federal or unitary – can be settled only by an expression of public opinion when peace has been restored, when the central government has had the chance of putting its plans before its citizens, and when genuine opinion has had time to form in a constitutional manner. But, in the meantime, relations between Léopoldville and Elizabethville cannot be allowed to become increasingly embittered. Once peace is restored, it should be possible for UN officials, without prejudicing the outcome, to bring the leaders of the two factions together. If leading members of other African independent states can be persuaded to act as mediators, they will be listened to by the Congolese with more respect than any non-Africans.

There is, therefore, still a distinct hope that out of the Congo tragedy the United Nations may assume a new stature. The opportunity for it to perform the constructive task ahead depends not only on inducing M. Tshombe to accept UN authority, but on the immediate defeat of the diplomatic manoeuvres by which the Brussels government, and the commercial interests behind it, are still trying to persuade other Nato countries to block the UN initiative.

Comments on the Week's News

Southern Africa

A Time of Decision

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: Measures and attitudes now being taken throughout Southern Africa will have a decisive influence on the whole future racial pattern of the sub-continent. Not content with the racial warfare of Sharpeville and Langa which ensued from the anti-pass campaign of Africans earlier this year, the Union government has decreed that all African women over the age of 16 shall now be compelled to carry passes. This is tantamount to a declaration of open war on the whole African population, which feels the pass as the most profound affront to its dignity – and even more so when it is forced on the womenfolk. Already, a year or two ago, the women in northern Transvaal showed that they would defy the government rather than submit to carrying passes. The fact is – and this is recognised by Nationalists and Africans alike – that without passes *apartheid* cannot be administered. The pass is used by the police to arrest, deport, imprison, and allocate to the slave farms the thousands of Africans on whom the white government must continuously maintain pressure if its supremacy against the weight of African numbers is to last. The new provision will allow them to ill-use women similarly – and the women have lately shown signs of taking up the cudgels from their imprisoned and detained men. Further racial conflict must be the consequence.

Meanwhile this racial trial of strength has been taken into the international field with a seriousness previously unknown. The boycotts declared by Ghana and Malaya, based on complete economic sanctions and a prohibition of ships and planes, has thrown the *apartheid* ball right into the centre of the Commonwealth arena. It is not only the threat to South African trade which is important, though the shocked reaction of her business men shows how sharp a weapon this can be, but every member of the Commonwealth is now challenged either to follow suit or attempt to justify a refusal. To most of Africa, as to the other non-white continents, this will mean simply that those who boycott are for the Africans and those who refuse for the whites. The effect will be most direct on the reputation of Britain. This is of particular significance at the moment when Britain is being held at least partly responsible for the sudden flare-up of racial conflict in Southern Rhodesia. At the same time, the new tension adds to the importance which will be attached to Mr Macleod's handling of the Lancaster House conference on the Nyasaland constitution as well as to the British government's attitude to the pressure to induce it to abandon its meagre powers over the Southern Rhodesian constitution, to the coming Monckton Report and to the Morse Report on the High Commission Territories. The situation, so far as British influence extends, is not without hope. Dr Banda, though disappointed with Mr Macleod's current rejection of adult suffrage, is obviously intent on getting a reasonable settlement; and the Morse Commission has pointed the way to economic viability for Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland, at present hostages to South African fanaticism. Even more encouraging, the Northern Rhodesian government has produced a bill to outlaw racial discrimination in hotels, cinemas and restaurants.

The Impact of Garfield Todd

BARBARA CASTLE *writes:* The crisis in Southern Rhodesia has developed dramatically during the past ten days. In Southern Rhodesia itself, no less than 500 Africans are now awaiting trial for their part in the 'riots', and the Prime Minister, Sir Edgar Whitehead, is clearly preparing the way for the banning of the National Democratic Party, as he banned its predecessor, the African National Congress, 18 months ago. In Britain Mr Garfield Todd, a former Prime Minister, has succeeded in alerting some Tory as well as Labour MPs to the fact that his country is rapidly going the way of South Africa. The statement which he delivered to the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations claims that pleas for steady constitutional advance have fallen on deaf ears and that in Southern Rhodesia 'government policies are now maintained by force of arms and are directly responsible for the present unrest'. At present, therefore, Mr Todd and his colleagues claim that Britain is supporting an undemocratic and unjust form of government in which 50,000 voters (of which only 2,000 are non-whites) are permitted to govern nearly three million Africans 'by military might'. They therefore call on the British government to announce that she will intervene by setting aside the constitution of Southern Rhodesia and establishing a democratic regime, if necessary with the support of British troops. They also ask that each of the territories in the Federation should be brought to self-government within the next five years; that immediate moves should be made to transfer powers from the federal government to the states and that the three territories should be given equal control over what remains of the federal machine. It is hardly surprising that, faced with these demands in a last-minute debate before the Commons rose for the summer, Mr Alport played for time. More surprising were the speeches by Mr Peter Kirk and Mr Peter Tapsell from the Tory benches which, while not supporting such a drastic step as the suspension of the constitution, except as a last resort, none the less argued that Britain has *not* abdicated her final responsibility for the territory and that the British government should take the initiative in calling a constitutional conference for Southern Rhodesia at which all parties should be represented, the leaders of the National Democratic Party now in prison being released. This unexpected support is proof of the impact made in London by Mr Todd. Nor does the fact that he has since resigned the chairmanship of the Central African Party diminish that impact. Mr Todd, who left Rhodesia three weeks ago, tells me he has not been able to discuss the new situation caused by the arrests with his party colleagues. He knows that many of them are clinging to the hope that Southern Rhodesian policies may yet be liberalised from inside, but he himself is now convinced that this is impossible. With an election due early next year, he believes that Sir Edgar is playing a desperate game of getting tough in order to beat off the mounting challenge on his right from the Dominion Party and that therefore only outside intervention can save Southern Rhodesia from herself. Even the threat of it, he believes, might do the job. In the meantime a member of the ruling United Federal Party in Southern Rhodesia has demanded that Mr Todd be impeached on his return. In such a situation further rioting in the territory appears inevitable and Britain may be faced with a request, which would gravely embarrass Mr Macmillan, from the Rhodesian government for troops to put it down.

Little Europe

The Background to Macmillan's Visit

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Precisely what was decided at last week's meeting between de Gaulle and Adenauer at the Chateau de Rambouillet is impossible to say. No communiqué was issued; the press were given no guide; and the number of advisers was reduced to a minimum. So that one is reduced to speculation about the results. M. Baraduc, the Quai d'Orsay spokesman, has it that the two heads of state are in accord on the question of co-ordinating European policy, and from this it has been deduced that a vast project exists for meetings of principal European heads of state and for the creation of a secretariat devoted to preparing them.

Gaullist commentators are representing the meetings as a triumph for de Gaulle's policies, and notably for his idea of a united federation of European countries, which at the same time does not impinge on their sovereignty. German commentators, on the other hand, prefer to read into it the idea of a united Europe with supra-national institutions based on universal suffrage. Clearly, however, it would be absurd to base too much speculation on press leaks rather than on definitive statements by the principal promoters. How will Britain fit into this new edifice? This is just what Mr Macmillan is going to discuss with Adenauer during next week's visit to Bonn. And what about Spain? She, too, is being spoken of as a probable member of this new European confederation.

But if it is possible that de Gaulle has succeeded in convincing Adenauer of the merits of creating a united Europe without loss of national sovereignty, there is less prospect that he has won him over to more immediate arguments. The President of the French Republic is known to be discontented at the conduct of the US over the Congo. To him the Atlantic pact makes sense only if fellow-members show solidarity at all times, in all circumstances. He has not forgotten the abstention of the US delegate at the last UN debate on Algeria. He himself has assured Belgium of his support since the start of her present crisis in the Congo. His complaint is that the US, ever since the first meeting of the Security Council, has opposed a fellow member of the Atlantic pact. For de Gaulle this is fresh proof that European nations, with France – that is, himself – in first place, must decide on a common line on what he calls the 'global policy' of the western camp. But for Dr Adenauer it is not a question of reducing his ties with Washington – or of

undertaking any initiative which has not US approval. Moreover, he has no reason to identify himself with the African policies either of Belgium or of France.

Beaulieu

After the Battle

JOHN FREEMAN *writes:* I am a survivor of the Battle of Beaulieu. What is more, unlike my companion – a Tory MP of pacific disposition and unimpeachable respectability – I survived unwounded. But it was a near thing when, as every televiewer knows, at about 11 o'clock last Saturday night, the 15-foot steel scaffolding carrying some of the BBC's lighting collapsed into the jazz-hungry crowd, at the same moment as Lord Montagu and Mr Gerald Lascelles had at last organised a chain of hefty retainers to clear the bandstand of the intruders who had overrun it and made music impossible. Alarmed by the fall of the scaffold and herded by the clearance party on the bandstand, the crowd of some thousands developed a dangerous swirling movement at its centre, and for two or three minutes, in the absence of crush barriers and the presence of many hundreds of deadly chairs, there was real danger to life. The well-born and the elderly, who had been seated in the front before the original stampede, were shepherded out, by force and luck. The crowd unpredictably quietened down. The exhibitionists were lured off the high points from which they were exhibiting themselves, and 15 minutes later the ineffable Mr Acker Bilk was giving his indifferent rendering of New Orleans jazz to a weary audience, the more independent members of which seemed to have left the arena to make love in Lord Montagu's shrubberies or jive in his moat. An appreciable number lay asleep across the lawns and pathways of Beaulieu Abbey among the broken bottles and wastepaper.

Lord Montagu could be forgiven for announcing next morning among the ruins that this was the last time; but I am glad he has changed his mind. A British national jazz festival is a good idea; Beaulieu is a good enough place to hold it, and Lord Montagu an appropriate patron; it would be a great pity to abandon it just as it catches on. But if it is to be continued, there must be some hard thinking before next year. The two main theories advanced by the TV men and the journalists present, for what went wrong last Saturday are, first, that a small gang of hooligans had resolved to smash up the show; and secondly, that the battle was a manifestation of doctrinal schism between traditionalists and modernists in the heady world of jazz. I think there is some truth in both these suggestions: certainly the real wreckers were few and their operations seem to be co-ordinated; certainly, too, one of the dottier mistakes of a dotty evening was the announcement of a 15-minute interval after Johnny Dankworth had finished playing in perfect good order and before the arrival of the current darling of the 'Trad' fans, Acker Bilk. (*Fashion note*: on an evening when casuals were the order, the most interesting costume I saw was that of a teenage moppet, white-faced and black-headed, who wore, over black stockings without shoes, a black and white striped nightshirt and a bowler hat, on one side of which was chalked in white the symbol of nuclear disarmament, while the other bore the words 'Acker for Ever'.)

But the local and immediate causes of the trouble should not be allowed to conceal the central fact that no adequate preparations were made to receive anything like the crowd which calculated publicity had drummed up. The jazz festival is for Lord Montagu (apart from any musical interest he may feel) a substantial source of revenue: he charges the kids 12s. 6d. a night for entry and he unashamedly wants as many as he can get. Yet if the crowds are to come, special provisions must be made to cope with them: crush barriers for instance; a fenced-off passageway from the edge of the lawns to the bandstand; removal of the chairs, which are unnecessary; drinks sold only in paper cartons; muscular, easily identifiable and properly directed stewards; and adequate police. The absence of the police in the early stages last Saturday (Lord Montagu is said to have asked for them in advance and been turned down) surely merits inquiry: it would certainly have got it, and stringently, if the chaos had ended in death.

Finally, Lord Montagu must clear his lines with the local inhabitants. I passed through the normally decorous village of Beaulieu after the weekend and found the condition of the main street worse than Hampstead Heath after a bank holiday. The inhabitants, many of whom do well out of the festival, none the less have justification for their complaints. Wastepaper, bizarre clothing and the rough speech of towns are inevitable. But if Lord Montagu is to get the cooperation of the village in the future, as I hope he will, and if he wants 10,000 or more to attend his festival, he must provide them at least with proper lavatories. For 12s. 6d. per head, per night, he owes that to the fans as well as to his neighbours.

The Eisteddfod

A Cultural Cup Final

W. JOHN MORGAN *writes:* Between times it is understandably easy to forget quite what a strange flavour this annual Welsh festival, now well under way at Cardiff, possesses. In its enthusiasm it is like a cultural Cup Final. Because it takes place in a field, it can easily be confused with an agricultural show – but, if the thought is conceivable, an agricultural show with the air of an ICA meeting. From the white tents which surround the huge, main pavilion (capacity 8,000) you always half expect to see knights in armour come riding. In the more elect caravans parked about the ground the quality of the gossip wouldn't disgrace one of Metternich's parties or the Pentagon. Teetotal and black with preachers, it could be a synod. Because it is a meeting of the tribe and because even this tribe has its sports, the pubs in the district suggest that a war has just been won. The druidical robes hint at a sacrifice at sunrise. It is even different from an ordinary, local *eisteddfod*, which tends to be exclusively a musical and cultural affair; and is certainly different from the *eisteddfod* Welsh students stage, in which, to draw wilder examples from my own experience, conductors are liable to lurch off the podium and fights often break out. In a sentence, the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, held annually in Bank Holiday week, is worthy, absurd, moving and hilarious.

But what would the *eisteddfodwr* of the old, simple days have made of the novel, extra-cultural aspects of this year's gathering? For example, the Minister for Welsh Affairs who will accompany the Queen on her visit to Cardiff has decided not to be among the party entering the Eisteddfod field, his discretion being the better part of his valour, and both qualities superior to his ministering to Welsh affairs. No one is sorry he is staying away, except those boys who were hoping to stage the demonstration to end all demonstrations. Equally, everyone is delighted that there is a royal visit this week, at least everyone who is heard from.

Naturally there are a few dissident and sulking anarchists – that group whose slanders are part of the joy of Welsh life – who are of the opinion that the royal visit guarantees that the Eisteddfod will pay its way; and who even claim that the desire to combine a royal visit with the Eisteddfod sums up the soul of Wales's capital city. This group are also having great fun with another extra-cultural event: the first royal garden party to be held in Wales.

If all this would mystify the old *eisteddfodwr*, what would he make of detail like the sheer cost of this year's meeting? At £55,000 it is the most expensive in the event's 150 years. The host town has to raise the cash, and Cardiff had collected some £32,000 before the week began. The rest has to come from the gate, and there seems little doubt that it has been raised. But for smaller communities, this burden of cost grows increasingly heavy. One day it may prove intolerable enough to raise seriously the question of establishing a permanent home for the great pavilion.

The objections to doing this emphasise the Eisteddfod's dual appeal to Welsh people – or, at least, to the minority who can understand its transactions. Springing from the people in that it reflects their interests, it must be seen to be staged by them rather than by some central bureaucracy. To the purist, the National Eisteddfod is at its best when the whole community of the town or village staging it takes part in its organising. This the cosmopolitan, largely anglicised city of Cardiff could scarcely do. The purists are bearing with it. There is also the equally strong 'sophisticated' school which judges the Eisteddfod by the quality of performance. This is probably their year.

Science

Cold-shouldering the Cuckoo

NIGEL CALDER *writes:* When Lord Hailsham met the press after his appointment as Minister for Science last year, he was asked, by way of a test, what current developments in science most interested him. The first that he spoke about was 'interferon' – which earned him a good mark. Considering that its importance in the conquest of disease may, before many years have passed, have come to rival that of penicillin and the other antibiotics, interferon has had remarkably little publicity since it was discovered four years ago by Isaacs and Lindemann at the National Institute for Medical Research, Mill Hill. It is a substance which, in test-bottles and living laboratory animals, protects cells against attack by viruses. Its beneficial effects in virus-stricken man remain unproved; but laboratory results so far have been promising enough for the Medical Research Council and the National Research Development Corporation to enter into a programme of urgent collaborative research with pharmaceutical firms

having experience in making polio vaccine, to see whether they cannot rout the viruses with interferon.

Against bacteria entrenched in the human body, doctors now have an almost all-conquering armoury of drugs. Against viruses so entrenched there is little they can do but wait for the disease to take its natural course – whether it is a common cold or paralytic polio. At present, medical action against the viruses is limited to vaccination and the control of the spread of the disease. Up to a point, such measures have been highly successful, most notably against smallpox. But there remains an intolerable sense of helplessness once the viruses have taken possession. Moreover, some medical men predict increases in the frequency and severity of virus diseases; while in the tropical countries where malaria is in retreat, viruses like trachoma and measles are gaining in relative importance.

Add an inactivated virus – influenza, say – to a culture of living cells, and interferon is produced by the cells. Interferon is a protein. It turned up at Mill Hill during a fundamental study of viral interference – the process whereby cells treated with inactivated viruses of one kind can resist infection by other kinds of viruses. Now, the Microbiological Research Establishment at Porton has shown that large batches of interferon can be successfully produced. But there it was done with chick tissue; and experiments have shown that chick interferon is not much use against virus infections in the cells of a calf – nor, presumably, in human beings. To make interferon that might be useful in medicine, cultures of human tissues may be needed in the production lines; but the hope is that monkey interferon will do, made in cultures similar to those used for polio vaccine.

Philosophical dispute surrounds the question of whether viruses are living or non-living: it does not really matter. They are very near to the dividing line and they are less than living cells. They are, indeed, incapable of growing and reproducing without the assistance of the metabolic machinery of the host cells. They are cuckoos on the molecular level, able to take charge of the infected cells and deflect the living processes from their normal business of making new cells to the manufacture of new virus. The production of interferon seems to be the cell's natural defence against viruses – complementing the production of antibodies by the body as a whole, the process exploited in vaccination. And it now begins to look as if the way interferon works is by encouraging the cells to attend to their own business and ignore the demands of the invading viruses.

The exciting thing about interferon is that it may be expected to give protection against a wide variety of virus diseases: a vaccine is limited to one kind of disease. However, vaccination gives long-term protection. Interferon cannot do that because, lodging as it does in the cells, it will be continually diluted as the cells divide. One likely snag has been just about eliminated: interferon itself does *not* provoke defensive reaction by the animal body in the form of neutralizing antibodies.

It would be wrong to raise hopes at this stage by naming particular diseases against which interferon might be used. There is a great deal more work to be done, even before interferon can be properly tested in man, let alone applied on a large scale. Doubt remains as to the form in which it could be given to a human patient, how often the dose would have to be repeated, and in what circumstances it might be used. It may prove convenient to try giving monkey interferon in the form of daily pinches of snuff to patients incubating a virus in the respiratory system. At any event, it will be well worthwhile watching for interferon in the headlines in the next few years.

The Scent of Victory?

ROBERT BENDINER

The opening feints and gambits of the combined chess-and-judo match of 1960 are now history, and if Richard Nixon has improved his position somewhat, as I think he has, he can thank his opponent and a kibitzer named Nelson Rockefeller. When Senator Kennedy, the Democratic nominee, chose a moderate Texan to share his ticket, he was thought to have made so sure of the South that Nixon no longer felt it useful to make concessions in that direction and was free to strike out boldly for the vote-rich cities of the North. And when Rockefeller established a liberal beachhead in Nixon's own party, the Vice-President had a plausible opportunity to break away from the Eisenhower stodginess and to inch leftward in the name of Republican unity.

The fight to liberalize the GOP platform, which Rockefeller initiated and Nixon took over, enabled the nominee to assume precisely the stance he wanted – that of the enlightened, statesmanlike Republican. He would be neither a 'radical', like his Democratic opponent, nor yet a professional promoter of the 19th century, like Senators Goldwater and Dirksen in his own party. Instead of entering the campaign as the unchallenged pick of a torpid convention, moreover, he would emerge as a fighter for civil rights, an internationalist of broad vision, and a principled man strong enough to have imposed his principles on the backward elements in his camp.

In every way this was a posture to be desired, and Nixon was fortunate to be able to adopt it without seeming to repudiate President Eisenhower, whose record he lauded to heaven while politely consigning it to the dustbin of history. For the candidate's eye was where a Republican candidate's eye must be – on the populous states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and California. Any four of these would cancel out Kennedy's initial advantage in the South and his native New England, and all six would give the Vice-President 181 of the 269 electoral votes needed to win in November. With their big industrial and polyglot populations, they are not, as a rule, states that can be successfully wooed by appeals for gradualism in the matter of racial equality, penny-pinching in the welfare services, or truculent parochialism in foreign affairs.

As astute a politician as any we have had in recent times, Nixon had to be told none of this, and in a strange way even the party's troglodytes understood what he was doing. If they had little use for Rockefeller – many of them whispered doubts that he was a Republican, which was like wondering whether he believed in life eternal – they nevertheless ruefully accepted Nixon's leftward drift as one of those miserable concessions to political need and hoped in private that he didn't really mean it. Typically, an Ohio delegate explained to a reporter with simple candor: 'I feel Nixon will win on a liberal platform – but I hope he'll bring the party back some after he's in office.'

Given this pained understanding and the fact that southern Republicans still count for little in the party councils, Nixon had no trouble in subduing what passed for rebellion over the civil rights plank of the platform or in imposing his choice of the moderate Henry Cabot Lodge for Vice-President on a convention that would have relished a bit of the old-time religion. Speaking for the Middle West, Governor Stratton of Illinois had promoted the ineffable Senator Dirksen for second place on the ticket, arguing that Republicanism had been slipping in the Midwest, once its heartland. And the party's diehard conservatives had rallied around Senator Barry Goldwater, an Arizona department store owner of some charm, who inspires in Tory breasts, particularly young ones, a faintly Stevensonian kind of zeal.

This new spokesman of the American right had argued that there would be no need for federal health insurance for the aged if children just met their natural 'obligations' to their parents, rejected all proposals to try reaching a disarmament agreement with the Russians so 'they will know that we mean business', and on international co-operation felt that 'if we could live for another thousand years we might see mankind reach the point where we can discuss close alliances with other states', but not before then.

It is possible that Goldwater's philosophy is popular in Arizona; but it would not recommend Nixon to the voters of New York, and the Vice-President will have no part of it, least of all where it bears on foreign policy. For the decision has clearly been made that the Republicans will appeal to the country primarily on the ground that Kennedy is a johnny-come-lately to the field of international affairs, while Nixon represents the voice of experience.

There is not a great deal to choose between the foreign policy planks of the two party platforms, although the Democrats put more emphasis on shifting aid programmes from military to economic, but in every possible way the Republicans are offering themselves as the party best equipped to deal with the Russians. Photographs and moving picture shots of Nixon jabbing a finger in Krushchev's chest were a feature of the convention, evidently a symbol of how authoritatively the nominee can handle himself in the world of diplomacy and always good for a rousing cheer. With the same end in mind, Nixon insisted on Lodge as his running mate, the two of them, as Peter Lisagor wryly reported in the Chicago *Daily News*, assuring the Republicans of a ticket 'that can boast of more jaw-to-jaw combat with Soviet Premier Nikita Krushchev than any other two Americans in public life'.

The Republicans seem fully aware that theirs will be an uphill fight. Asked by a reporter whether he regarded himself as the underdog, Nixon replied that 'anyone running on the Republican ticket would have a hole in his head unless he said that he was starting behind', a view confirmed by the most recent polls. Among the outlandish souvenirs being peddled at convention booths in the Conrad Hilton was a perfume labelled 'GOPtimism – the scent of victory', but the fragrance was not overpowering.

"ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER..."
Welfare, Social Services etc..
Welfare, Social Services etc...
CIVIL RIGHTS
CIVIL RIGHTS
JACK'S ALL RIGHT
ECONOMIC GROWTH
BE TOUGH TO K
MORE MISSILES etc
BE TOUGHER TO K
NIX ON NIXON
ECONOMIC GROWTH
MORE MISSILES etc
VICKUM
LOS ANGELES - CHICAGO 1960

Labour's Constitutional Crisis

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

What is to be done if we are faced next autumn with a split between the annual conference and the Parliamentary Labour Party on the vital issue of defence? Since this now looks quite possible, it is high time that we frankly discussed exactly where the danger lies and how best it can be overcome. In my view the crux of the problem is the fact that, if it comes to an open conflict, both sides will have an unassailable constitutional case for refusing to compromise. If this is true, it follows that the only remedy is to persuade each side not to insist on demanding its full pound of constitutional flesh.

As so often in British politics, the two extremist positions are beautifully clear, logically foolproof and completely unworkable. On the one side stand the Robespierres of the conference, insisting that, if Scarborough 'goes unilateralist', the parliamentary party must be forced to accept the decision as binding. The advocates of this course consist for the most part of left-wingers, who in the past have been treated with intolerance by the party whips and brutally forced to accept the rule of the majority and toe the right-wing line. Now there is a prospect of the right wing being put in the minority, some left-wingers are tempted, instead of teaching it tolerance, to give it a taste of its own medicine.

Far more vocal – and influential – are the extremists at the other end of the scale. For months they have been urging Mr Gaitskell to assert at one and the same time his own leadership and the independence of the Labour MPs from the party machine outside. Very few prominent Labour politicians have publicly supported this doctrine. But it has been preached, week in, week out, by a large part of what is called the responsible press – the *News Chronicle* and the *Guardian*, for instance, as well as the *Economist*, the *Spectator* and those 'impartial experts' selected by the BBC to instruct us on Labour politics, Mr Robert McKenzie and Mr Ivan Yates. The latest adherent to this extremism is the *Political Quarterly*, whose special summer number is devoted to the Labour Party. The editors have collected 11 contributors – Crosslandite revisionists to a man – whose attitude to the party's constitutional problem is summed up in an unsigned editorial:

> This heterogeneous hodge-podge (i.e. the Labour Party) of pressures and counter-pressures, emotions, jealousies and ambitions, is totally incapable of coming to the sort of decisions a modern political party needs to take. Conference, where the whole lot are mixed up together for four and a half days in a seaside pavilion, is even less so . . . What the Labour Party needs is a much smaller policy-making body than conference, preferably the Parliamentary Committee supported by the Parliamentary Labour Party, with conference in a role of critic and adviser, but not master.

The fact that for months on end this kind of advice has been publicly pressed on Mr Gaitskell from such influential quarters is one of the causes of the crisis of confidence which has almost severed communications between Labour's rank and file and the leadership up in the political stratosphere. Throughout the whole Labour movement there has spread a grave suspicion that this advice is being taken seriously, and this suspicion in turn inflames the demand that conference should discipline the MPs. Unless this interaction of right-wing and left-wing extremism can be stopped, the chances of a sensible solution next autumn are very remote.

One way of stopping it was indicated last week by Morgan Phillips, when he issued a concise official summary of the constitutional situation. Though this document contained no new decisions, it showed clearly enough (a) that, *constitutionally*, the Parliamentary Labour Party would be entitled to disregard for the duration of a parliament even a major decision of the conference; and (b) that, *constitutionally*, the conference would be fully entitled to expel every Labour MP who refused to accept the decision. Having denounced this an an 'absurdity', Mr Phillips reached the only sensible solution, that 'a satisfactory relationship between the several elements of the party can only be based on mutual trust and confidence. Without them, no amount of constitutional wrangles will produce a solution.'

Like the US, the Labour Party has been endowed with a completely unworkable constitution; and the test of a Socialist leader, as of an American President, is whether he can make it work satisfactorily. If he fails and resorts to constitutional reform in order to make good the defects of his leadership, he gets nowhere. A hiatus of power occurs, which is filled only when someone else takes his place. Curiously enough, moreover, the central problem of presidential government and of Labour Party leadership is the same – the need to hold together divided and disparate powers.

There are three centres of policy-making in the Labour Party – the National Executive Committee, the conference and the parliamentary party – and the difficulty is increased by the fact that, whereas the NEC is instructed by the annual conference, the parliamentary party is not. It exists, in fact, as an autonomous enclave within the Labour Party. In an appendix to his document, Mr Phillips reminds us that the case for its autonomy was stated once and for all in the famous exchange of letters between Mr Attlee and Mr Churchill which preceded the 1945 election. Mr Churchill pretended to be alarmed by the prospect that Harold Laski, as chairman of the National Executive, would dictate to any future Labour government. The letters in which Mr Attlee replied are a classic case for the complete autonomy of the parliamentary party. In the concluding letter, Mr Attlee remarked:

> Much of your trouble is due to your not understanding the distinction between the Labour Party and the Parliamentary Labour Party. This leads you to confuse the organisational work of the party with the actions of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Despite my very clear statement you proceed to exercise your imagination by importing into a right to be consulted a power to challenge actions and conduct . . .

Nothing could be clearer than that.

What is just as clear is that the conference, as supreme court of appeal and policy-maker within the party, has the authority in the last resort to discipline each individual MP. This contradiction between the sovereignty of conference and the limited autonomy of the parliamentary party can be resolved only by perceptive leadership and responsible conduct on the part of those who are members of both establishments. This means, of course, the Parliamentary Labour Party, whose members are not merely Labour MPs but individual members of their constituency parties and, as such, bound to accept the decisions of annual conference. The Labour MP in fact – and those of them who are members of the NEC are only an extreme example – has two equal loyalties, one to the parliamentary party, the other to the national party. If he denies either, he is disrupting the party he has been selected to serve. Those so-called well-wishers who are urging Mr Gaitskell, if defeated at Scarborough, to lead the parliamentary party into a head-on collision with annual conference are, in fact, urging him to defy the spirit of the party constitution.

Let us now apply this formal constitutional analysis to the actual problems which may confront us next autumn. Assume, for example, that conference rejects the NEC statement on defence and passes the Transport and General Workers' unilateralist resolution. If this happens, the fate of the Labour Party will lie in the hands of the MPs, when they reassemble at Westminster; and the right-wing extremists have no doubt what they should and will do – re-elect a leadership pledged to defend the old defence policy to the last letter, defy the conference to do its worst and demand that the NEC interprets their action as in accord with the party constitution.

There are at least two reasons for believing that this prospect, which so appeals to the editors of the *Economist*, the *Spectator*, the *News Chronicle* and the *Political Quarterly*, is most unlikely to be fulfilled. In the first place, it completely neglects the fact that the unilateralist minority in the parliamentary party would be greatly strengthened by an executive defeat at conference. If the official leadership were to defy conference, the unilateralists could at once table a counter-resolution and face the Whips with an intolerable dilemma. For, if the rebels were disciplined and reported to the Executive, the Executive would be bound to congratulate them on their loyalty. If, on the other hand, they got off scot-free, party discipline would completely disintegrate. The picture, in fact, of the Parliamentary Labour Party unitedly defying a conference decision is the figment of an imagination singularly out of touch with reality. In actual fact a Parliamentary Labour Party split in this way would be unable to have any kind of defence policy.

A second factor which the advocates of defiance neglect is the fact that many members of the parliamentary leadership are also members of the NEC. In the words of Morgan Phillips's memorandum, 'annual conference does not instruct the parliamentary party; it does instruct the National Executive Committee'. Those MPs who are elected to the Executive either by the whole conference or by the constituency parties would certainly have to accept the conference decision. As for the leader and deputy leader, they of course are elected by the parliamentary party. But they are also *ex officio* members of the NEC. As such they too would surely be bound to oppose outright defiance and work for an agreed solution.

Now the first job of the Labour MPs next autumn will be to elect their whole parliamentary leadership afresh. In the crisis which we assume to exist, it is surely inevitable that anyone who lets his name go forward for election to the Parliamentary Committee should be asked to say in advance exactly where he

stands. Is he for whole-hog defiance of the conference, or is he for meeting its views as far as is humanly possible? If a Shadow Cabinet of whole-hoggers were elected, the break would be complete and the party split from top to bottom. I find it very difficult to believe that the parliamentary party would elect a leadership committed to suicide.

Moreover, as Morgan Phillips made clear in his background document, there is a well-established procedure for resolving such a crisis – the meeting at the beginning of each session between the National Executive Committee and the Shadow Cabinet – a meeting, be it noted, which can be recalled whenever required. A parliamentary leadership which paid due regard to the spirit of the constitution would be bound to recognise the importance of the conference decision, as well as its own failure to keep in touch with the rank and file. In such an atmosphere I cannot see why an agreed policy should not be worked out quickly in the autumn session.

It may be asked why on earth we should look ahead and jump this ditch before it is reached. The answer, surely, is clear. The disasters which have afflicted us ever since the election have been the result of a readiness to adopt policies without calculating their consequences and to shirk facing difficulties until they were right on top of us. If there had been more frank speaking earlier, much trouble could have been avoided. Even now, it is better to face the difficulty in August, when it is weeks away, than in the week that parliament resumes.

London Diary

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Either I misheard the announcer, or Chou En-lai's speech repeating the suggestion of a nuclear-free zone in Asia and the West Pacific was at first attributed to Mao Tse-tung. Anyway it sent me to consult my book of global runes. By this I mean Mao's essay *On Contradiction*. Originally a lecture delivered in a cave in Yennan in 1937, it was later revised and republished. My copy is dated 1952. I am far from having mastered it, but I get the impression that Mao is much more at home with the dialectic than was Stalin whose philosophical excursions were apt to be leaden-footed. After all, the Hegelian notion of contradiction as the very moving principle of the world and the identity and interpenetration of opposites derives from oriental as well as Greek thought. One of the key tests which presumably Mao applies to any situation seems to be contained in this sentence: 'In studying any process – if it is a complicated process in which more than two contradictions exist – we must devote our whole energy to discovering which is its principal contradiction.' The question is which is the principal contradiction in the global social process today: Communism-capitalism or survival-extinction?

* * *

Bob Boothby and other optimists have been quick to reassure us that the appointment of Selwyn Lloyd as Chancellor of the Exchequer need not entail instant financial catastrophe. For of all ministers, the Chancellor is the one most strictly ruled by the permanent officials, in his case the all-powerful grey eminences of the Treasury. You will find some interesting, if oblique, references to their special relation in the minutes of evidence of the Radcliffe Committee. This is a fascinating volume and, though a crushing weight on the chest in bed, much lighter reading otherwise than you might expect. Treasury officials, bankers, and economists, when talking across a mahogany table, use a language that is quite like everyday speech – far easier to understand than the jargon of their pseudo-science. There is, for instance, a pleasing account of how the Chancellor may make up his mind, and of the process of triangular consultation. An important part of the senior grey eminence's duties is plainly countering any undesirable influence that may come from the Bank of England as representative of the City's rather than the nation's interest. I suspect one motto of the Permanent Secretaries is: Never let the Chancellor go to bed after dining with the Governor until you have had a heart-to-heart talk with him. Only when we see Selwyn Lloyd east of Temple Bar, unaccompanied, shall we know it is time to take to the woods and bury our gold.

* * *

Naturally I made straight for Vampina's lair. Vampina is the 18-year-old girl who, according to her billing, sleeps with Vampire Bats at the Hampstead Heath fair. They turned out to be Indian Fruit Bats or flying foxes, those delightful, elegant, fetching creatures with long pointed faces. They hung upside down with their membranous wings folded like ulsters round their pear-shaped bodies. The lair was a glass-fronted box not much bigger than a rabbit hutch. Vampina, a surprisingly nubile brunette in bra and spangled drawers, with red bows in her cloud of dark hair, sat cross-legged on a cushion; her head was level with those of her pets. She was reading a paper-back. 'She's the only girl in the world who would stay in there with them vicious "umpires",' said the old lady who took the sixpences.

'She is *not*!' said a 12-year-old girl; 'I would. I'd keep a flying fox any day if Mummy would let me. I'd have it to sleep in my bed if it wouldn't tear its wings.'

Tactfully, I asked what Vampina was reading. The old lady banged on the glass. 'Gentleman wants to know what you're reading,' she bawled.

'Book,' grunted Vampina.

'She says she's reading a book.'

Our dialogue was getting modishly Pinterian but I stuck to it. 'I'd awfully like to know what book?'

'Show the gentleman what book you're reading!' Vampina held the cover of her paper-back to the glass. It was *Dracula;* the loyal girl! The neighbouring booth, which was billing another 18-year-old, Andrena and her dangerous snakes, was not open. Andrena, said the rifle-range attendant next door, was no mug. She and her python could read the weather forecast. More than most of the public could do. The rain, which came bucketing down next moment out of a black sky, caught two thirds of them unguarded. Meanwhile the fortune-teller who had advised King Edward VII – always a favourite with gypsies – that his grandson would be an uncrowned king, was foretelling that the best man would be elected president of America.

* * *

The Edwardian Londoners used to take their August far more seriously than we do – unless we are Cabinet ministers. After Goodwood the entire ruling class, all the top people, as many as the bourgeoisie as could manage it, abandoned the capital en masse. It was social suicide to be seen anywhere within a radius of ten miles from Charing Cross until well on in September. The only possible excuse was that one was *en route* – between Cowes and Scotland or Homburg and Yorkshire. (The Riviera was considered far too hot, only fashionable in winter.) A favourite opening gambit of the Edwardian thriller writer was to have his hero marooned in London. He would begin something like this:

> London was like a brick kiln. The scorching glare of the August sunlight upon the stucco fronts of Carlton House Terrace was painful to the eye. Nothing but a heavily depleted bank balance would have kept me in town, and my spirit, to say nothing of my flesh, was yearning for the verdant coolth of Devonshire or the refreshing breezes of Cromer sands. My feet sank into the tar at each step and it was with difficulty that I dragged my flagging footsteps along Pall Mall. My club was closed; but even so I slunk furtively past in case one of the porters might see me and take note of my unfashionable location. Weary and perspiring, I was turning into the sloping desert of St James Street when the cheerful voice of Entwhistle hailed me. 'My dear fellow!' he exclaimed. 'What blessed predicament detains you in this God-forsaken metropolis, if that is not too tactless a question? I declare you are the very confidant I was thinking of . . .'

And presently over lobster salad and hock and seltzer the two cronies embark upon some preposterous adventure. But why was it always so very very hot? True, there were epic heat waves around the turn of the century, but I suppose their clothes must have had a lot to do with it. Always those flannels in the country. Lord Roderick may have looked deliciously cool in them at breakfast on the terrace, but surely not if he started to move about?

* * *

'Let's go on top dear; we might get a little sun and heir,' said the elder of the two ladies, both well into their seventies, as she swung herself on board the bus with the agility of a gibbon.

'Some 'as 'opes!' said the conductor, a cockney of the old school, rolling his whelk-like eyes. But almost anything can happen on a bus. I am reminded of the experience of W. N. P. ('Disappointed Man') Barbellion. Woman with baby sat opposite him. Baby started bawling. The woman at once began to unlace herself, exposing a large red udder, which she swung into the infant's face. The infant, however, continued to cry and the woman said: 'Come on, there's a good boy. If you don't I shall give it to the gentleman opposite'. A less melancholy person might have been heartened by this earthy encounter. Not so Barbellion. He took it as a reflection on his undernourished appearance.

* * *

I see that an engineer in Durban – not Dublin – has been fined £30 for being found drunk in charge of a floating dock. This starts me speculating about what is the largest organisation or institution that a man could be drunk in charge of? When you come to think of it there are really no limits. I have myself seen a man drunk in charge of a school, a hotel, and a newspaper. There have been several cases of drunken sea-captains, drunken generals, drunken prime ministers and drunken kings. It seems probable that towards the end of his life, anyway, there were periods when Stalin was drunk in charge of a continent. Possibly also Krushchev; Eisenhower merely incapable. And there are moments, all too many of them, when it appears more than likely that Somebody is drunk in charge of the Universe.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

In the Burial Service we ask God 'Shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom.' Is this not the request for the world to come to an end as soon as possible, and a Christian argument for nuclear weapons? – Ham Parish Magazine. (F. E. Manning).

Your correspondent is right about what the girl of today is wearing – or not wearing. Scanty undies are among the causes of the increase in sex crimes. I blame the parents. We have four girls between nine and 20. They wear what we tell them to wear – and certainly not scanties. They respect me and we are a happy family. – Letter in *News of the World*. (O. Shearman).

A foreign friend of mine who is a domestic at a house in Reading, has difficulty in pronouncing names of some products. Instead he sings the appropriate TV jingle in deep, broken English. – *Reading Standard*. (D. W. Hope).

I always stop to look at the paintings in an art dealer's window, but one day I was amused to find a large Airedale beside me, gazing fixedly at a picture.

I stood in front of it to watch its reaction. The dog moved to a new viewpoint and continued to gaze intently at the same picture – a scene of Edinburgh.

I wondered if it had once lived there and recognised the view. – Letter in *Glasgow Evening Citizen*. (Peter Hamilton).

The New State of Nagaland

DOROTHY WOODMAN

By their agreement to set up a new state of Nagaland within the Indian Union, the Indian government has belatedly recognised the claims of 350,000 Nagas for a greater measure of self-expression. For the Nagas, as any British visitor to their villages can discover, are intelligent, alert people, warmhearted and hospitable, and fiercely proud of their fighting prowess, their traditional arts and culture. Since, until the past few years, their education was mainly in the hands of missionaries (Baptist and Catholic), most of their political leaders are Christians; the rest include a few Buddhists and many animists. One, at least, of their fears since Indian independence, is that they might be subjected to 'Hinduisation'. Discussing these problems with a number of Nagas in Shillong earlier this year, I liked the feminine touch provided by a Naga girl who was studying for a degree: 'Why should I change my handwoven skirt for a sari?' she asked. But she fully realised the changing attitude towards Nagas who have suffered great indignity by being regarded as museum specimens, raw material for anthropologists.

The cynic might say that the threat of China across the borders of NEFA (North-East Frontier Agency) helped to speed up India's development plans in the Naga Hills. There may be some truth in this. But the fact is that in the past three years seven High schools, 49 Middle schools, 411 Primary schools, and a Technical Institution, with 30,000 students on their list have been built, while last year 157 stipends and scholarships were given to Naga students. One of the most striking features of Naga villages has been the constant stream of women going down to springs, sometimes miles away, to fetch water in great bamboo tubes. Today about a quarter of Naga villages now have water supplies nearby. Twenty-four hospitals and 23 dispensaries now function in the Naga Hills, there are also an increasing number of mobile dispensaries. Such welfare development has been made possible by road building. Until now the Naga areas have been almost without any means of communication. A young Dafla farmer I met in Assam told me that he used to walk four days there and four days back to buy salt. Now supplies are dropped by aeroplane.

The Naga leaders who were in Shillong in April had come for talks with the Governor of Assam, General Shrinagesh, N. K. Rustomji, his imaginative adviser, and Dr Verrier Elwin, a notable expert on tribal affairs. They are genuinely anxious that the Nagas, and many other groups, such as the Daflas, the Abors and Mishmis, should develop along the lines of their own genius. The Nagas came from the Peoples' Convention, which represents, they maintain, at least 75 per cent of their people. Last October, they had prepared a 16-point draft for the constitution of a separate state within the Indian Union, to be known as 'Nagaland', under the Ministry of External Affairs, with a Governor, an administrative secretariat, a council of ministers and a legislative assembly. It was this draft they presented to the Governor of Assam. The idea was not new. Even in 1928, a few Nagas submitted a memorandum to the Simon Commission, asking for the exclusion of the Naga areas from the proposed reforms. In 1947, demands were made for some kind of regional autonomy, and it was in their confused handling that Phizo was able to start a separatist movement. In 1952 Mr Nehru told him that a demand for independence *outside* the Indian Union could not be considered.

Phizo then went underground and organised a campaign of violence. In April 1956, India sent in the Assam Rifles with two companies of the army, and it was at this point that some of the atrocities, which Phizo is now elaborating in London, undoubtedly occurred. I heard a number of stories, some from relatives of Nagas who were brutally murdered. Perhaps Phizo is right in demanding an inquiry into these atrocities. But it must also inquire into atrocities alleged against some of his own followers. One of these cases – the alleged murder of his one-time comrade, Sakhrie – involves a charge against Phizo himself. A warrant for his arrest is still in force.

Last April, Phizo's whereabouts were unknown. Where was Phizo? I asked Naga leaders. Several theories were put forward. He might be dead. He might have escaped into Burma. He might have gone to China. This last idea was not as wild as it might seem; the Chinese had certainly put out feelers to the Nagas, and Phizo had said he was willing to get help from anybody, anywhere. Further, as I recalled, when staying at a Naga village across the border in Burma in 1955, I often heard that there were contacts between Phizo's men and the Burmese Communists, then in active rebellion and themselves in contact with Chinese. But whether dead or alive, everyone admitted that Phizo had given a messianic kind of leadership to the violent campaign for a Naga State outside the Indian Union and that his guerrilla fighters still kept the Naga areas in a state of tension.

On the eve of the talks with General Shrinagesh, some of Phizo's supporters had met members of the Naga Peoples' Convention with a view to finding a meeting point. But Phizo's men still demanded Nagaland *outside* the Indian Union; the others wanted it *inside* the Union. Was Phizo's influence still sufficient to sabotage any agreement which the Convention might achieve? I asked. One reply was that though he still had a hold on many Nagas, it had decreased in recent years. People were tired of unrest, many villages were still in ruins, and even this spring, more than a thousand of his followers escaped into the Chin Hills in search of food. In other words, everything then depended on Delhi's answer. When would they withdraw their troops? Would they recognise Naga rights? Would they now agree to autonomy within the Indian Union? To most of these questions, the statement in Delhi this week has now given an answer. And, I believe, that apart from a hard core of Phizoites, this Indian offer will work. It is easy for Phizo to denounce the Naga leaders who have now won their claim to Nagaland as 'traitors'. There comes a moment – and Phizo has been most responsible for delaying it until now – when responsible people choose cooperation instead of futile jungle warfare. It is good news, therefore, that the State of Nagaland has been born. Given intelligent handling on the part of Indian officials, the interim government with representatives from every Naga tribe to advise, will mean a new chapter in the history of the Nagas.

On Noise

C. H. ROLPH

Ten years ago, everyone who wrote an article about the mounting din of contemporary life seemed obliged to write a funny article. Even then, with the big jets still on the drawing board and the ice-cream chimes rare enough to seem quaint, many people were angry about noise and there was a Noise Abatement Society – rather angrier but less methodical than the present one, which the politicians ought to be watching closely. People angry about noise, who now seem much less funny than they did, are today communicating their sense of its unfunniness to others. Laughter is a heart-breaking opponent (Mrs Pankhurst saw it as the thing that had to be stopped first, and stopped it). The anti-noise men gave it a shrewd knock when they called on the Minister of Aviation at 6 a.m. and interviewed him in his pyjamas about the jets at London Airport.

Even among those of us who are moved to pity by the sight of an angry man there is, in this matter of noise, a feeling of comfortable and yet meritorious objectivity. When we hear a nasty noise, we think of such men and of how they would be angered by it. This, too, is on the way out. The noise is so obviously going to engulf us all that it is time to start thinking about ourselves. The people round London Airport, which for noise purposes means those living between Uxbridge and Richmond, Staines and Wembley, are only the first victims. The vicarious 'grin-and-bear-it' policy received its *coup de grace* with Punch's joke that the mysterious high-pitched humming in Kent is the purring of the collective unconscious because things have never been so good. I had a visit ten years ago from a Kentish

resident who used to hear this. He heard it in my room at Great Turnstile, and frequently stopped talking to listen intently with one finger raised. I couldn't hear it, but he said he and his wife were supersonic and their lives had become a nightmare. He later moved to Norfolk, but heard it there too. I haven't seen him for some years now, but he was then as sane as I am, and more sceptical. I often think about him, uneasily.

A cheerful *Times* correspondent reported on 14 June that he had found extremists living round London Airport who wanted it done away with, a larger group who would be satisfied with a ban on night flying or suppressors for the jet engines, and a much larger group who considered it all a nuisance to be put up with.

Having flown from London Airport in a Boeing 707, I can report what seems to me a very odd thing about the noise. Passengers in those aircraft can talk as comfortably as in a train. Pan-American officials, explaining this to me, said that we 'left our own sound behind us'. I understood that when we were well on the way to Gander we were doing 550 m.p.h., but climbing out of the airport district we must have been much slower, and I thought you had to do nearly 700 m.p.h. (the speed of sound) to leave your own noise behind. I've given up trying to understand this, but having now listened (in a Harlington back-garden) to what they leave behind them I think these jets produce the most terrible noise yet invented by man. I do not understand how people can live with it or within 20 miles of it.

The 'noise abatement' officials of the Ministry of Aviation seem to feel that they are doing their best. They have spent £40,000 on 'mufflers' for Comets and Boeing 707s. A muffler, which fits on the end of the exhausts, is 50 feet long and weighs as much as 13 tons. It is a giant variant of a motor cycle's expansion chamber, with baffle plates to obstruct the noise and a tailpiece that turns upwards and shoots what is left of the din into the sky. All this must make grim reading around the airport, where the only noticeable difference is that the jets are coming over more and more frequently. The Ministry are going to build a 30-foot earth wall near the jet running area, 100 yards long, but this won't be ready until 'early next year'. Why not, I wonder? If it were an urgent war-time necessity, it would be done by next Monday.

The Noise Abatement Society and the residents' associations have the job of making the Ministry feel war-driven; but the conventional means available to them are very limited. They petition Ministers, write to the newspapers, get a question asked by someone (and evaded by someone else) in the House of Commons almost every day of the week. They can't sue for damages for nuisance or damage to health: 'No action shall lie', says the Civil Aviation Act, 1949, 'in respect of nuisance by reason only of the noise and vibration caused by an aircraft on an aerodrome'. They could try invading the airport, as Mrs Pankhurst would have done, and lying down in front of the jets about to leave (though not, perhaps, those about to land). But this, if effective, would be effective only until vertical take-off had become universal, which may not be very long. They face a stiff challenge and they deserve at least our blessing, for they are the shock-troops in a battle that must soon flow round us all.

If you do not live near a noisy airport, you are probably still hating motor cycles most of all. I gazed after one in pleased astonishment the other day, for it had passed me almost without my hearing it, which shows what can be done with a well-timed engine, a silencer and a driver of adult intelligence. Haters of motor cycle noise may be interested to see the actual terms of No. 20 of the Motor Vehicles (Construction and Use) Regulations, 1955:

> Every vehicle propelled by an internal combustion engine shall be fitted with a silencer, expansion chamber, or other contrivance suitable and sufficient for reducing as far as may be reasonable the noise caused by the escape of the exhaust gases from the engine.

The silencer 'or other contrivance' must be properly maintained and not tampered with. The language of the regulation is hardly different from that of the long-forgotten Motor Cars (Use and Construction) Order, 1903; but in those days, only seven years after the abolition of the man with the red flag, defective silencers were as common in the police courts as drunks. They are pretty rare now, though there has been a recent slight increase. The law today gives specific power to the police to inspect a motor vehicle on a road (or, with permission, in its garage) and test the silencer. This well-intentioned measure has failed for a paradoxical reason that might nevertheless have been foreseen. Noisy motor cycles and sports cars are spotted and intercepted by foot police, not by teams in patrol cars; there is a dearth of foot policemen, and the less we have the more noisy exhausts we shall get.

There is no doubt that the itinerant ice-cream chimes are even more annoying to some people than ear-splitting newsvendors are to me. You can hurry away from the newsvendors, but the chimes pursue you. The chimes are a refinement on the box-tricycle bell of the stop-me-and-buy-one period in the Thirties, and musically a slight improvement, I suppose. They have had so much news space that you might think nothing else was dealt with in Mr Rupert Speir's Noise Abatement Bill (in which ice cream chimes are called 'loud speakers for the sale of a perishable commodity for human consumption', though everyone knows this means Wall's). I knew a night duty police sergeant who, trying to sleep in the day-time, was so infuriated by a Wall's ice-cream man ringing a bicycle bell that he leapt out of bed and threw an aspidistra at him, unfortunately forgetting to open the window first. Nobody, as far as I know, has ever been known to throw an aspidistra at a newsagent.

Hooters and sirens to call people to work have seemed to me an anachronism ever since the invention of *Lift Up Your Hearts* and *Housewives' Choice*. Ipswich has recently demonstrated, experimentally, that a whole town can do without them. In London, the Noise Abatement Bill would make it a little easier to get a factory siren stopped on the ground of nuisance (at present you have to prove, and can't, that it is 'injurious to health'). I doubt that hooters on cars are any more necessary here than in Paris, where the driving seems a little less homicidal without them than with them. You musn't use a car hooter, here, after 11.30 pm or before 7 am in a town (I never use mine in the daytime either), or when the vehicle is stationary – which, truth to tell, is the one time when you are likely to need it as a discouragement to a thoughtless pantechnicon moving backwards.

I find it easy to imagine that the ill-mannered screech of horns at a traffic hold-up is a source of danger, fraying the nerves and leading to edgy driving. From there it is a short step to the belief that noise is a cause of illness and stress, which, so far, the medical experts have refuted. Now the National Institute of Industrial Psychology has found, by experiment, that the use of baffles and absorbent walls in machine rooms leads to fewer mistakes in manufacture.

Passing an act of parliament about a nuisance is no cure in itself, and can be a dangerous soporific. But people were wrong, it turns out, when they foretold (in large numbers) that Mr Speir's Litter Act would not be enforced, and those saying the same thing of his Noise Abatement Bill are likely to be wrong too. The opponents of noise are no longer cranks and figures of fun.

The Convalescent Comic

VICKY

The rage of present-day 'Egghead America' is that mordant comedian Mort Sahl. On my recent visit to Los Angeles I went to the lush 'Crescendo' night-club on Hollywood's Sunset Strip where I made this drawing.

He was due to appear at ten o'clock, but was two hours late that night. When at last he did arrive he apologised for keeping us waiting, explaining that he had attended a $100-a-plate Democratic Party dinner. 'They charged $100 a plate so that poor men can run the next time!' This had the audience (many of whom were delegates to the Democratic Convention) rocking.

Sahl's wit is astringent political satire and, though obviously left-wing in sympathy, he dealt as deftly with the Democrats as the Republicans. 'Kennedy is trying to buy this country and Nixon's trying to sell it', he said with a wave of his hand and a slightly hurt expression on his face. And again: Papa Joe Kennedy visits his son Jack at the White

House and asks: 'Well, son, what would you like to be when you grow up?'. Turning to the administration he says he agrees with all those who, after the fiascos of the Summit, the U2, and Tokyo, now demand 'that the President should inform and tell the people. But someone should tell the President!'.

At the final Convention demonstration at the huge Los Angeles Coliseum he appeared alongside such famous Hollywood entertainers as Edward G. Robinson and Frank Sinatra. He opened his quick-firing five minutes with this story: 'I've just sent a telegram to Mr Joe Kennedy saying: Sir, you have not lost a son; you have gained a country.'

Sahl is only one of the new, young, outspoken comedians who have appeared in America in the last few years. In San Francisco, so lovely and exciting in contrast with Los Angeles, I went to the cellar night-club 'The Hungry i' (hungry intellectual), where Sahl started and where I saw another promising comedian called Bob Neuhart. It was as if I were again in a left-bank *boîte* in Paris, or even in one of the little political cabarets in Berlin before Hitler. Oddly, in Britain, which is supposed to be the home of nonconformity, the stage is innocent of political satire.

In the post-McCarthy age, America is still the most conformist of democracies. Perhaps that is the very reason why Mort Sahl can get away with murder. People who show no symptoms of independent political thinking, permit themselves to laugh, while salving their consciences by calling him the 'sick' comedian. The fact that his records now sell by the thousand may be a sign of national convalescence.

The Arts and Entertainment

Wesker's Trilogy

With the production of *I'm Talking about Jerusalem* at the Royal Court, Arnold Wesker's trilogy is now complete, and with it Wesker also has finished the first hard lap in his development as a dramatist. In a way, he has made it doubly hard for himself; for he is an ambitious writer who has set out not just to record the history of a lively radical East-End Jewish family, but to write the political chronicle of the last quarter century. So each stage in the Kahns' life is set firmly in its appropriate political context. At the start of *Chicken Soup with Barley*, Harry and Sarah are in their Communist prime, fighting the Mosleyites in the Thirties; at the end, Harry disintegrates into cracked invalidism, while Sarah and her son Ronnie reach a climax of mutual intensity during the Hungary crisis. In the latest play, the daughter Ada and her husband, Dave Simmonds, start their experiment in applied Socialism when the Labour Government gets in after the war; when they give up again, their Jerusalem in ruins, the results of the 1959 election are coming over the wireless.

The framework is insistently political. Though the Simmonds move to the country and the Bryants in *Roots* are agricultural labourers, Wesker has no feeling at all for the natural, seasonal and instinctual rhythm of life. He is concerned exclusively with the political rhythm of urban life, which is a specifically modern and, I think, an essentially Jewish phenomenon. I wonder, in fact, if the recent emergence of Jewish writers hasn't to do with the fact that England has now become a dominantly urban and industrial society which the perennially urban Jewish sensibility at last fits. But whatever the reason, Wesker is the first young writer to attempt a whole portrait of the age. It deserves to be taken seriously.

Compared, say, with Osborne, Wesker is not a particularly clever writer and never in the least stylish. He is a social realist as much through his limitations as through his principles. His gift is his continual sense of life. Put so baldly, this smacks of earnestness and cultism. Yet although there are moments in *Jerusalem* when he does begin to parody himself – for example, the terrible children's game of Genesis I-Spy – the lapses are rare. At the best, Wesker's sense of life shows itself in a kind of openness and warmth towards his characters. He lets them live on their own terms with a continual flow of sympathy from one to the other. It is as though, for all their bickering and tension, there was no bad blood between them, only the weight, at times impossibly hard to bear, of mutual responsibility. He has raised the Jewish obsession with family life to a creative principle.

This effect is partly due to his uncannily accurate ear for those tricks of speech which distinguish one individual from another. Once he has caught them in talk, Wesker is usually too honest an artist to pervert his characters to his own special uses. So the lives proliferate around the plots. But this openness to life is more an instinct than a technical accomplishment. 'You can't change people, Ronnie,' says Harry Kahn in *Chicken Soup*, 'You can only give them love and hope they will take it.' Wesker's willingness to listen to and take from the people he has created is something very like an act of love. It exists independently of talk. In fact, it is strongest when the characters are not talking at all, but are caught up in music. These are the best moments in each play: the tired singing in Act I of *Chicken Soup*, Beatie Bryant's dance in *Roots*, the quartet that brings down the curtain on the first act of *Jerusalem*. For Wesker, the sharing of music seems the final token of intimacy.

No doubt the warmth of his writing has a good deal to do with the fact that the plays are insistently personal. He is doing what every artist must do at some point: setting his life in order by reliving it in his work. But there is another reason: Wesker can accept so much so willingly because he is essentially an innocent. By that I am not imputing him with the self-conscious, canny 'innocence' of our latter-day Romantics, nor with any particular purity of heart or motive. If his plays aren't worldly, it is not from his lack of trying. I mean simply that he has no doubts; he is forever committing himself unreservedly to his characters and causes. And this is the source of his strength: he is willing to express strong positive emotions without being embarrassed by them, to risk sentimentality in the hope of speaking feelingly. It is also his innocence, I suppose, which has carried him so far in his admirably adventurous appeal for the trade unions' support of the arts; without it, he would never have dreamed the attempt was worthwhile. All praise to it then.

But his innocence is also the source of his weakness. First, it is behind the sloppiness of his plays' construction. He works on the principle that 'Whatever is, is right'; that is, if something has happened to him and he can get it on to paper, then it is art. *Chicken Soup*, for example: the focus wanders from character to character, giving none of them the chance to resolve his own potentialities. It has only the blank formlessness of autobiography. The actors have to imply what the author leaves undone. So Kathleen Michael held *Chicken Soup* together by her performance as Sarah, just as Joan Plowright superlatively commands *Roots* and Ruth Meyers, as Ada, does what she can in the teeth of *Jerusalem*. But at the very moment when Sarah and Ada seem to be taking over their respective plays, in comes Wesker's frankly autobiographical figure, Ronnie, to steal the limelight and confuse the artistic issues with his almost irrelevant intensities. To be told, in *Chicken Soup*, that his world is momentarily down about his ears because of Hungary is no compensation for being distracted from seeing Sarah coping with the more cogent and moving collapse of her whole life – marriage and family beliefs. Similarly, in *Jerusalem*, when Ada and Dave are facing the bitterness of their failure to live Socialism, we are suddenly told that the real tragedy is that their disillusion has smashed Ronnie's hopes.

Ronnie, in fact, is Wesker's second weakness. He is taken in by the image he has created of himself. So Ronnie is allowed to make continual demands of people and give them in return only gush, charm, glibness and self-pity. In *Jerusalem* he emerges finally and frankly as a prig – and a prig, what's more, about life, forever mooning and maundering while the others clear up the mess and put the fires out after them. David Saire's hollow, gushing performance did nothing to correct this impression, but the main fault is Wesker's. *Roots* is far the best of the trilogy because Ronnie never appears; he is only created ironically by Beatie.

The third weakness of Wesker's innocence is his belief in the magic of words. He makes the continual unspoken assumption that if one can speak out about a predicament one is somehow resolved from further responsibility. This is the flaw in *Roots:* because Beatie, like the apostles at Pentecost, finally receives the gift of tongues, Ronnie's behaviour to her is apparently excused, the complex of her family tensions is resolved and her life has begun.

Wesker's final innocence is in his attitude to causes. They are, of course, part of his programme as a Socialist dramatist. But the weakness is in the way in which he handles them, particularly in *Jerusalem*. In his earlier two plays and his fine one-acter, *The Kitchen* (still the best thing he has done), the politics are lived: they provide his characters with an extra dimension of seriousness, a measure of their responsibility to something beyond their private worries, and so a sense of proportion in them. *Jerusalem*, however, is not about the politics of living but about trying to live politics. Since it is a foregone conclusion at this date that Ada and Dave won't make a go of their William Morrisry, the interest is all in how Wesker will dramatise the effect of a political theory on the shape of their lives. He doesn't. He simply becomes didactic. The protagonists don't talk, they preach, they swop slogans, they swop sentiments. In *Roots* the characters were alive; in *Jerusalem* they merely talk endlessly about the *idea* of being alive. The director, John Dexter, has made a marvellously cohesive and coherent job of the trilogy, but neither he nor Ruth Meyers nor Mark Eden can keep the pom-

Canadian caps, a new world of

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posity of didacticism out of the tone. The best things in the play are – politically, at least – negative: the excellent speeches by the cynic, Frank Finlay, on his Socialist and marital failures; the wonderful, selfish vitality and wit of Jessie Robins as the Amazon Yiddish aunt.

Jerusalem is a failure, but a significant failure: it shows finally what Wesker needs as a dramatist. The answer is, simply, distance. He needs to be able to get outside his people and situations and causes, as he did in *Roots* and *The Kitchen*. The umbilical cord, both to his family and his party, strangles him as an artist. But now the trilogy is completed, perhaps he can cut loose and move on to that impersonal creative world which every serious artist, no matter how political his intentions, must eventually inhabit if his work is to last.

A. ALVAREZ

Past Indicative, Future Imperfect

'We shall sing of love of danger, energy and boldness. We declare that the world's splendour has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed' and, to paraphrase the rest of Marinetti's Futurist Manifesto of 1909, other items to glorify should be war, militarism, patriotism, contempt for women; things to destroy should be museums, libraries, moralism, feminism, all opportunism, utilitarian meannesses and archæologists.

Today, in the largest temporary museum of modern art in the world, open to the reverent gaze of women, archæologists and maybe patriots, Futurism's painting hangs in solemn pomp to celebrate a fiftieth anniversary. The chief historical exhibition at the Venice Biennale this year honours yesterday's rebels in despite of them.

Ironically enough, the organisers of this show have seen fit to sing a love of danger by placing cubist works by Picasso and Braque in bold juxtaposition to the Futurists' pictures, which is rather hard on the latter, for whilst Picasso's racing motor car, 'its hood adorned with great pipes, like snakes with explosive breath' still manifests the effortless power of a perfectly made engine, and Braque's 'iron net' of fragmented forms maintains its 'dynamic sensation', very few of the Futurist works do. Boccioni holds his own, especially his bronze *Development of a Bottle in Space*, a work as hard and powerful as any sculpture produced in those five fierce years when a new pictorial language leaped, fully armed apparently, from the front of Mars. His other bronze, whilst it carries more authority than any painting exhibited, remains a noble failure. The *Unique Forms of Continuity in Space* of 1913 has a certain buttery slackness of form which reveals the real distinction between the Futurists and the great Cubists, for the latter had intuitively mastered the problem of maintaining tension in their images.

This is not to say that the Futurists were negligible. Despite the simple, bombastic, silly proto-Fascist utterances of Marinetti, they had a valid cause. Under the bluster there was a recognition of the stagnant condition of the arts in Italy at that date. All Italy can seem to be a museum and, however juvenile his expletives may have been, they have this much justice; what he called the 'plague of professors', those functionaries with reverent museum minds and even more reverent art-dealing contacts, in a country with a mighty history of art, *can* constipate. The new professors of the *avant garde* have precisely the opposite effect. Either way the patient suffers.

But there was more to Futurism than anti-traditional gestures. There was an attempt to come to grips with dimly discerned but very real problems arising from truths which science was already making its province, before World War 1, and which have been the subject of discussion, in these very pages, during recent months. The Futurists rushed in where angels feared to tread, 50 years ago, and they were genuinely concerned with simultaneity and the visual effects of velocity; in effect, a Time-Space relationship. When Boccioni voiced his theory of sculpture as 'making visible the prolongation of an object into space' he was tackling an aspect of a problem which remains to be solved. But the Futurists were primitives of an art which has still not flowered. Balla's attempt at kinetic simultaneity is primitive, Carra and Severini had neither the talent to evolve the partial solution achieved by Picasso and Braque, nor the intellect to do more than decorate the question. Nevinson, the single British Futurist (and he is not represented at Venice) did even less well.

And yet the Futurists did sense a climate of ideas which changed the world; although they failed to find a valid pictorial paraphrase for the expression of concepts which the sciences were beginning to make apparent, and as far as one knows they were not consciously aware of these concepts, in terms of science, any more than the Cubists were in Paris or the Vorticists were in London. The War, which brought these exploratory thrusts to a halt, killed Sant' Elia the architect, the sculptor Gaudier Brzeska; and its aftermath killed Apollinaire the Poet and champion of Cubism. Perhaps the most grievous loss of all was Boccioni, killed in a riding accident in 1916. Notable casualties in each of the movements, but the fire which had sustained the triple thrust of Futurism, Cubism, and Vorticism in Italy, France, and England during the seminal years between 1909 and 1915, seems to have cooled among all the survivors at much the same time. Even Cubism retrogressed into decoration in the period after 1915.

But, in a sense, if the arts did not stand as Marinetti boasted 'upon the topmost crest of the centuries' at this time, they stood upon the threshold of a Renaissance – and turned away from it. Those survivors, great and less great, have some of them fallen into mannerism, or grown respectable. Even Picasso and Braque, the greatest living innovator and the greatest living consolidator, have surely no higher achievement to their credit than the birth of Cubism, despite the high quality of much of their subsequent painting.

The maxim 'If you can't beat 'em, join 'em' has long been embroidered on the art critic's banner. When Marinetti, in that first Manifesto, said that by the time he and his colleagues were 40, younger and more valiant men should throw them into the wastebasket like useless manuscripts, did he conceive that the wastebasket would be the Biennale of 1960?

The busy professors, it seems, are now delicately indicating that Futurism was really an international movement. France is represented by Braque, Villon, Léger, Gleizes and Delaunay; Spain by Picasso and Gris; Germany by Marc; America by Feininger and Russia by Larionov. England is not represented, although Vorticism is superficially nearer to Futurism than any comparable manifestation elsewhere. Both Futurism and Vorticism were seismographic tremors; France had the volcano and a Spaniard was the centre of the eruption. The English quake which consisted of Lewis, Epstein, Roberts, Gaudier, Wadsworth and others, is ignored by the Biennale, due perhaps to Britain's failure to participate in the Common Market. Another explanation might be that the professors have read of vociferous exchanges between the Vorticists and the Futurists in 1912, such as that in which Lewis, Epstein, Gaudier, T. E. Hulme, Wadsworth and a cousin of his, a forceful man called Wallace, joined wordy battle with them at the Doré Gallery. Lewis maintains the Vorticists won, despite the efforts of Nevinson who belaboured a bass drum, behind a curtain, whilst Marinetti shouted. Marinetti was a formidable shouter. Subsequently a less bellicose exchange took place between Marinetti and Lewis in the gentlemen's lavatory at the Café Royal. The Vorticists maintained stridently that they were not Futurists. Perhaps because the Cubists didn't say anything, they are at the Biennale this year among the Futurists.

Aside from the foreign legion, there are few good pictures in this exhibition, but there are some very valiant bad ones and of these the bravest are by Boccioni. Carra and Severini showed a promise then that they did not fulfil, for, like Balla, they spent themselves in those five years. Sironi is the only Futurist who became a better painter later. The Futurists followed their Manifesto, but the Great War which they cried out for proved a larger wastebasket than any they had anticipated. They were bombastic and silly and their work now looks shallow, but they were brave. The best of them sought even if they did not find.

MICHAEL AYRTON

Strindberg Muffed

Miss Julie has got all the ingredients that made *Look Back in Anger* such a success – class, sex and religion – but if the new production, in the double bill at the Lyric, Hammersmith, were the première of a play by an unknown playwright, no one would think him as interesting as John Osborne.

Not that the play has dated. It hasn't. Ibsen's John Rosmer and Rebecca West now seem extremely old-fashioned in their outlook, their motivations and their behaviour, but for characters created only two years later, in 1888, Julie and Jean are strikingly modern. Strindberg's fusion of opposites in Jean's character is brilliantly ahead of his time. He is coarse and fastidious, servile and proud, tender and callous, and his ambivalence towards Julie is conditioned by his ambivalence towards her whole class. He despises the Count yet worships him, imitates him, wants to be a Count himself, but hates the responsibility of giving orders to Julie when their positions are reversed. Strindberg's valet is the father of Genet's maids.

Then why does the play make so little impact at the Lyric? The production wasn't as bad as we were expecting after the ham-handed horseplay in *The Proposal*, but it wasn't good. The big moments like Julie's reaction to the killing of the bird and Jean's throwing down a coin to pay her weren't big moments at all. The line of the development to the climax should come clearly and directly out of the dialogue. It doesn't need tricks

like flute music whenever there's an important speech or showy changes in an electric mid-summer night behind a transparent back wall. The side wall was painted on gauze too, so that when Jean takes Julie into his bedroom, the bedroom lights up and we see how the pass is made. Nothing is left to our imagination in the kitchen, either. Strindberg wanted it to be incomplete, like an impressionist painting, with no side walls visible. Instead, we are given the whole room with every detail of its contents, including onions. Worst of all, too much of the dialogue is played too far upstage, some of it above a table with a bright lamp on it.

After her performance in *Strange Interlude*, I am sure Diane Cilento would make a very good Julie on television, but she hasn't yet got the stature, the range or quite the voice to bring it off on stage. She takes the big speeches intelligently, and there are moments of flirtatiousness, moments of boredom and moments of dishevelled pride when she is excellent; but she doesn't make as much as she could out of the changes of mood, and she was never as desperate – or as moving – as Julie ought to be when she realises she is falling and when she pleads with Jean to get her out of the mess. At the last moment she does convince us that she is incapable of acting without his orders. But then it is too late to be tragic. It says a lot for her that she avoids pathos. But really she shouldn't have said yes to the part. Yet.

RONALD HAYMAN

Cuba: 26 July 1959, at the State Cinema, Leytonstone

The State Cinema has joined the cinema-clubs, if its galas are not theirs. It is, in fact, the first serious club of its kind, in a movement that may spread. A pity this documentary from Cuba, so much in the news, shouldn't be news itself. All it sets out to record is the massing of people in Havana for the celebration of the anniversary of the rebellion that six years later became successful revolution. The peasants come in by train, horse and on foot; they buy hats, sing songs; baseball is among the spectacles that entertain the crowd, till that crowd of one and a quarter million is itself the spectacle. The aeroplane shots of this swarming may dismay rather than exhilarate, since the whole thing is so much to pattern, with march-past of banners and crawl of tanks, Castro at the microphone and mass response. This 20-minute film, for the most part self-explanatory, is in Spanish, with an English commentary preceding it, and can be seen from 7 August. The programme includes Kurosawa's *Living* and *Two Men and a Wardrobe*.

W.W.

Voodoo, at the Westminster

The loa – the gods of Haitian voodoo – are easily offended if their ceremonies are taken in vain. I hope they do not get angry with Mathilda Beauvoir, the magnificent and exciting dancer now staging these rites: but she has perhaps guarded against this by offering us a semblance while keeping back the ritual reality. She has been helped in this by the sad fact that, apparently, only two others in the cast are Haitian. The songs, however, are genuine and Mlle Beauvoir sings their fascinating creole intonations with a voice as lithe and ardent as her dancing. She comes on stage gravely enough, singing the great voodoo prayer; but only a few minutes later, after Papa Legba has opened the door to the spirit world, she plumps down on her knees, throws off her clothes and writhes naked over the stage as Damballah the serpent god. What he, the gravest of the loa, would say about this luxurious display I can't imagine: however, Mlle Beauvoir certainly swallows his apple whole and why should one complain about that? Later she becomes the loa Jean-Baptiste, dressing in a tunic that leaves her excitingly bare, and in this she leaps, prances and improvises ecstasies with much ingenuity, finally mounting a sheep. (Chickens and doves are also brought on stage but, courage! no blood is shed.) Numerous other loa are invoked, the company simulating their appearances with only fair success; the second half of the programme tails off disappointingly, and makes one wonder if the loa aren't right in wishing to keep voodoo off the stage.

F.H.

The Magic Flute, at Glyndebourne

It was probably rather hard luck for Colin Davis that his Glyndebourne début had to happen as a result of Beecham's absence. This meant that his share in the proceedings was subjected to an unenviably close scrutiny. His somewhat over-cautious, even pedantic handling of the score might well have been due to his awareness of the fact that he was, whether fairly or unfairly, 'on trial' (a not inappropriate situation in an opera so full of trials as the *Flute*). Some parts of his exacting test he passed with flying colours. One could not hope to hear textures made more transparent, without detriment to their radiance, and many of his tempi were most judiciously conceived. They have been criticised for their slowness, rightly so perhaps in one or two scenes; but I doubt if one would have been conscious of a damaging lack of momentum had the conductor succeeded in releasing the store of imagination which one felt was lurking somewhere behind an unusually well-prepared performance. All the ingredients were there to make a memorable evening. But at no point did they mix into that elating potion we recognise as inspiration. Perhaps Mr Davis may rid himself of his inhibitions in later performances. Had the advance trumpeting of his unusual talent been a little less intense on this occasion, the premiere itself might have turned out differently.

But Mr Davis apart, this final production of the season was not one of Glyndebourne's best. Oliver Messel's cumbersome and unlovely sets weigh heavily on the eyes, and the spirit of the opera – if it can be reduced to the singular – is not happily served by a production (Anthony Besch's staging of Carl Ebert's original production) which is very rarely light-hearted and never frivolous. There is, surely, a level of frivolity in the *Flute* which is part of this grand pantomime embracing both the lower and the higher truth? Oddly, for Glyndebourne, the singing was disappointing, almost without exception.

D.M.

Promenade Concerts, at the Albert Hall

The Proms began auspiciously last week with a programme in which Clifford Curzon's performance of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto was the substantial centre, and Blacher's Paganini Variations the insubstantial decoration. In performance the Blacher work suffered from the kind of imprecision to which one might expect all Proms an heir: yet Sir Eugene Goossens's performance of *The Rite of Spring* later in the week showed what can be achieved within the framework of the Proms. For that, the London Symphony Orchestra also deserve credit. This was in many respects a finer performance than certain of those recently offered with a flourish during our normal concert season. An achievement of another kind distinguished the concert on 29 July, when an unfamiliar large-scale modern work, Roberto Gerhard's Violin Concerto, was received by the audience with every sign of enthusiasm. This augurs well for equally (and in some cases more) demanding works yet to be heard during the season.

D.D.

PICASSO

an appreciation by

SIR KENNETH

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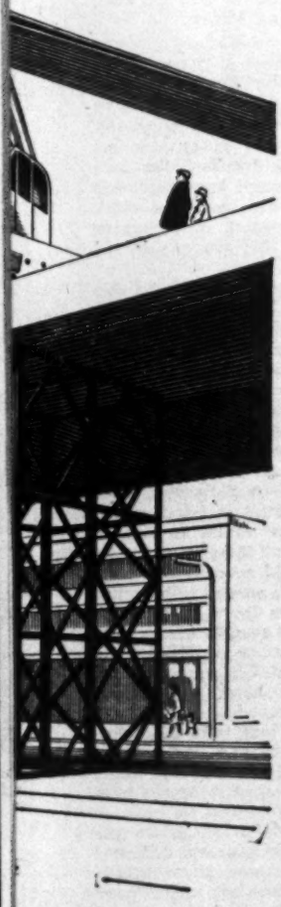

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Correspondence

THIS NANNY

SIR, – On this question of film censorship, Mr William Whitebait's hawking of what he doubtless regards as a liberal, and some others may consider elastic, conscience is neither edifying nor particularly amusing.

Mr John Trevelyan's riposte to your film critic's earlier attack, drew blood; watery, perhaps, but blood nevertheless, and your self-righteous contributor's garments of purest white were revealed stained and not a little grimy. In the circumstances, it was perhaps inevitable that he should return to the attack, only this time he prudently spares us the more patent nonsenses of his former effort. After all, nobody other than someone blinkered by prejudice was likely to swallow Mr Whitebait's proposition that the British Board of Film Censors, under its present leadership, inhibits the making of films which criticise authority.

He does give us, however, a doleful repeat of the sort of inaccuracies, irrelevancies and distortions which characterised his previous performance. Poor old *Potemkin* is dragged out again, just as if its banning 29 years ago has any more relevance to the functioning of the present British Board of Film Censors than Mr Paynter's dreary evocation of the year 1926 at the recent Mineworkers' Conference had relevance to the facts of life in the coal-mining industry today.

Alleged conversations that took place six years ago (we are getting closer to the present day, aren't we?) between a former secretary of the Board and someone who, in the circumstances, cannot be regarded as unprejudiced, are reported as incontrovertible evidence of the Censor's misdeeds.

Miss Gladys Aylward's fairly innocuous complaint about the film *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* is resurrected so that we may draw the inference that the banning of the three East German films was politically motivated. But it really doesn't wash. *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* was a lachrymose, sentimental tribute to a remarkable woman. It extolled the lady; it didn't vilify her. The German films reportedly contained material about living persons of a very different nature. Their showing might well have laid all concerned wide open to legal proceedings. The Censor presumably preferred to avoid the risk: a timid decision perhaps, but not necessarily sinister.

The body of Mr Whitebait's argument is just as insubstantial. Facts are draped in innuendo, and the nature of the Board's origins is adduced in order to give the impression that its functioning is very different from what it really is. The Board of Film Censors is trade appointed and financed: *ipso facto*, its rulings are not independent of trade pressures. His is the sort of mind that automatically assumes that an independent commission of inquiry constituted by a government, must arrive at conclusions favourable to that government. A Devlin Commission would doubtless be regarded as an aberration.

The X certificate is shown to be a device leading not to the liberation and emancipation of the medium, which many of us had come to regard it, but as an essential ploy aimed at the strangulation of the adult film. *Room at the Top, The Entertainer, Blackboard Jungle, The Wages of Fear, Look Back in Anger, Les Cousins* and many, many others, just sneaked past while Mr Trevelyan was possibly dozing in that dark cave of his.

There is, of course, a case to be made against censorship of any kind. And since human beings are fallible, the British Board of Film Censors is not excluded. There is also a case to be made out in support of it. Those who seek its abolition have a duty to present the record straight, and not take us wandering off into a hall of distorting mirrors. They should also have some regard for the practical difficulties that are the Board's *raison d'etre*. We may not care for Nanny, but what if the alternative is a thousand Grannies in the shapes of Chief Constables and Watch Committees throughout the country? If the choice is between bad and worse, Mr Whitebait seemingly would have us choose worse. His choice would not receive the enthusiastic endorsement of most film-makers.

And now I will leave your eminent contributor to write his footnote. I have no objection. After reading him over many years, I willingly concede that the last word is his prerogative.

JOHN BOULTING

British Lion Films Ltd
Broadwick Street, W1

SIR, – Mr Trevelyan's simple statement of the facts about *Spare the Rod* is, of course, correct, and Mr Whitebait's interpretation of the Board's motives not only incorrect, but a slur on its integrity. The Board was quite sincere in its view that a film based on Mr Croft's novel was likely to be adult in character and likely, therefore, to qualify for the adult category. This was surely a compliment rather than otherwise to Mr Croft. The producers, however, on learning this view got cold feet and proceeded to make the censor the scapegoat, which is one of the oldest tricks in the industry. They should have had the courage of later producers, who made films like *Room at the Top* in the X category and reaped their deserved reward.

I am more concerned, however, over some of the startling statements about *Spare the Rod* which Mr Whitebait attributes to me personally – and in so doing states that he has had them 'on record from Michael Croft'. Now anyone reading this would be entitled to assume that Mr Croft had himself been present on the occasion when the statements were made. I have in fact never had the pleasure of meeting Mr Croft on any occasion or of talking to him about *Spare the Rod* or any other subject, and Mr Whitebait has, therefore, received the statements in question at third hand from Mr Croft and passed them on to his readers at fourth hand. This may serve to explain why they are so remotely related to anything I may have said. Indeed it is amusing to find Mr Whitebait devoting a further column to proving that I 'had the power' to stop a film of *Spare the Rod* and 'did', and then quoting me as saying that 'I wish I had had it in my power etc.'

Still, why complain? My friends, who do not regard me as someone in the habit of making 'pathological' statements, any more than I assume Mr Whitebait's friends so regard him, will have had a good weekend laugh over the thought of my describing something as 'un-English'. Where does Mr Whitebait unearth these quaint words? By all means let him continue the good old game of knocking the censor, the easiest of all targets – I dare say the Board, probably the best and most liberal in the world, will survive a lecture or two from Nanny Whitebait – but he should, I think, be a little more careful in future about quoting from interviews which his readers might be pardoned for assuming had actually taken place.

ARTHUR WATKINS

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MORGAN IN THE MIRROR

SIR, – I have read Mr James Brock's letter in your issue of 23 July about a book written by Charles Morgan in his youth called *The Gunroom*. He states that it describes 'the brutalities visited on the midshipmen of that day' (1912-1913) and recommends that 'as a document, it deserves to be rescued from oblivion'. I most heartily disagree with Mr Brock.

This book purports to describe life in the gunroom in two ships. In the first ship, Morgan served for only a few months, and I know nothing about it and will only say his description of that period appears so highly improbable as to be fantastic. The greater part of the book is about life in HMS Monmouth in 1912 and 1913, whilst serving on the China Station.

As it happens, I was the officer, as a young lieutenant in that ship, placed in charge of the midshipmen, of whom Charles Morgan was one, and I can speak with authority on the major content of this book. Morgan so completely either misrepresents or grossly exaggerates that the book is simply untrue. Incident after incident, of which I have personal knowledge, was ridiculously distorted. He also made the ship's officers appear an unpleasant and narrow-minded crowd, whereas they were generally much above the average.

The facts are that Morgan came to the ship with a good Dartmouth College record (where he had been made a 'chief skipper', which corresponds to head prefect at public school) and a moderate record from his first ship. In the Monmouth, in spite of being lucky enough to serve on the very interesting China Station and in a smart and happy ship, the officers soon found that Morgan was not developing in his work, nor indeed trying. As I was the officer in charge of the midshipmen, these complaints usually came to me and of course I had noticed all this for myself. I came to the conclusion, kept to myself at first, that Morgan, unless he changed a good deal, would never make even a reasonably good officer. He seemed to have lost all interest in his work, in the ship, of which we were all so proud, and even in his personal appearance, and later became absorbed in a new-found interest, French literature, to the detriment of his 'school' work and general duties.

Of course, I had many long talks with Morgan. He was a welcome visitor to my cabin where he kept some of his books, and where he would come and sit at certain times of the day. I have never believed in keeping officers or men in the service if they wanted to leave, for the conditions are such that one has to be dedicated to it like a parson to his church. So when after a year he frankly admitted to me he had completely lost interest in the Navy and all he wanted to do was to write, I stated the case to the Captain (Brian Barttlelot) and recommended he should be allowed to leave the Navy. After interviewing Morgan, and other officers, the Captain recommended that Morgan should be allowed to withdraw from the service.

This was in the autumn of 1913 when Morgan was about 19 years old. But at this moment Morgan went sick with appendicitis, and had to be left in the Royal Naval Hospital at Wei

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hai Wei, as the ship sailed for Hongkong. This was the last I saw of Charles Morgan until after the First World War; but in 1921, I was summoned before the Second Sea Lord, together with Captain Claud Sinclair who had been second-in-command of HMS Monmouth and we were questioned closely by him; for the recent publication of *The Gunroom* had brought numerous letters from parents of would-be Nelsons asking if this book could possibly be true.

The question arises, why did Morgan write such a book? If intended as an exposure of one aspect of naval life, it failed because it was untrue. If he wrote it as a novel, it also failed as it was very weak. He might have written it as a sensation, to publicize his own name, bearing in mind that this was one of his first, if not his very first book. My own opinion is that it was more probably a psychological reaction from his failure to 'make good' amongst his own contemporaries in the Monmouth. But, be that as it may, when I wrote to him in some indignation about the book, I remember that his reply indicated that he did regret it – at least to a very great extent – and I gathered he was also a bit ashamed of it.

I feel sure he would not agree, if alive, to re-publish the book as Mr Brock suggests, and that he would much prefer it to be forgotten. Looking back on it all now, I feel glad that I was the basic means by which Charles Morgan obtained his release from the Navy at an early age, and was able to pursue the profession of letters in which he became so very distinguished a figure. As for Charles Morgan himself at that age, I found him likeable, but he was too much of a lone wolf to be at all popular amongst his mess-mates. One of his failings then was that he had no sense of humour to carry him over the bumps of life. He also had rather too great a conceit of himself, which was possibly due to his success at Dartmouth College, and his pride may have received a shock when he found he could not easily prove himself in comparison with his contemporaries in a sea-going ship.

H. T. BAILLIE-GROHMAN
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MRS JONES THE TELLY

SIR, – As a vociferous recruit to the Welsh Establishment, Frank Price Jones of Bangor takes as extreme a line as the curator of the Welsh Folk Museum – or that, in the opposite direction, of say, Sir David Llewellyn. Neither can claim to speak for more than a fraction of the people of Wales.

For this Establishment to hint at barefaced patronage is really funny. You would think these people have never heard of Nepotism with a big N in university and BBC appointments. Or that the clutter of almost professional committee men in the Principality didn't demand 'the few fruits of service, loyalty and a fair amount of cultural activity' as almost a Welsh inalienable right.

Jobs for the gels from Brecon is no more distasteful surely than 'jobs for the boys' from Caernarvon or Merioneth through radical political influence. It's the nepotic pattern of behaviour and dialectics that sickens the less popular mind. The effect on cultural life is always a secondary consideration. We have all seen it pretty plain in our small country for longer than we care to remember. And these committee men of 'the Welsh Establishment' all seem to have relative simple *motives*, which are perfectly understood by objective students of Welsh affairs.

Over the cultural end-product, over principles, they appear to have no fighting power left – the stuffing seems to have been knocked out of them. However blatant the carve-up, or obvious the injustice, there is never a murmur against the BBC or the terribly true-blue TWW.

But 'they' always kick up a fuss in the *Western Mail* with the maximum savagery over committee appointments outside the usual Nepotists. Then the disarming narrow nationalists explode and conduct a vicious *war* against everyone outside their particular stodgy circle. Insufferably patronising, superciliously uncomplicated, one invariably notices the same voices raised. They were the gentlemen who got rid of Goronwy Rees as principal of Aberystwyth University, who gunned unceasingly and unsuccessfully for Lord Raglan's dismissal from his museum presidency.

What a creative atmosphere! What a way to cement friendships and win people to learn the Welsh language and be genuinely interested in Wales and its literature! Readers of correspondence columns end up by finding it all a repetitive bore and by suspecting 'vested interests' somewhere. Historically, there is not the slightest doubt that relations have deteriorated badly since this 'war' in our two-culture society through these terribly personal, savage and unfair attacks. But that's typical of our divided country. It snowballs and is enough to make even Welsh angels weep in heaven.

KEIDRYCH RHYS

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RADIO POLITICS

SIR, – In the 'At Home and Abroad' BBC programme, on the night before the new ministerial changes were announced, Lord Strang gave a talk which came to the conclusion that the place for Foreign Secretaries was in the House of Lords, not in the Commons. A few days later in the same programme, a Conservative MP, in an interview, gave his support to the appointment of the Earl of Home. But there has been no talk to express Labour's view. The BBC ought not to have this apparently absolute power to put over to the public the Conservative point of view only on this important, or indeed on any, subject.

Differences and difficulties in the Labour Party have been given much publicity in BBC programmes and in their news bulletins. Yet the BBC is very quiet about differences in the Conservative Party. The newspapers reported not only a 'great revolt' amongst the Tories about the appointment of the new Foreign Secretary but also stories how it was 'ruthlessly' suppressed by the party leaders. Why should Labour Party differences get so much limelight on the BBC when those in the Conservative Party are not mentioned?

I also noted in Friday's programme that a former Labour MP was interviewed, again on an alleged squabble in the Labour Party. The questioner adopted a most unfriendly manner to him, yet in the interview with the Conservative MP another questioner was most friendly and helpful. Surely the BBC should always be impartial.

B. W. DALE

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Salisbury
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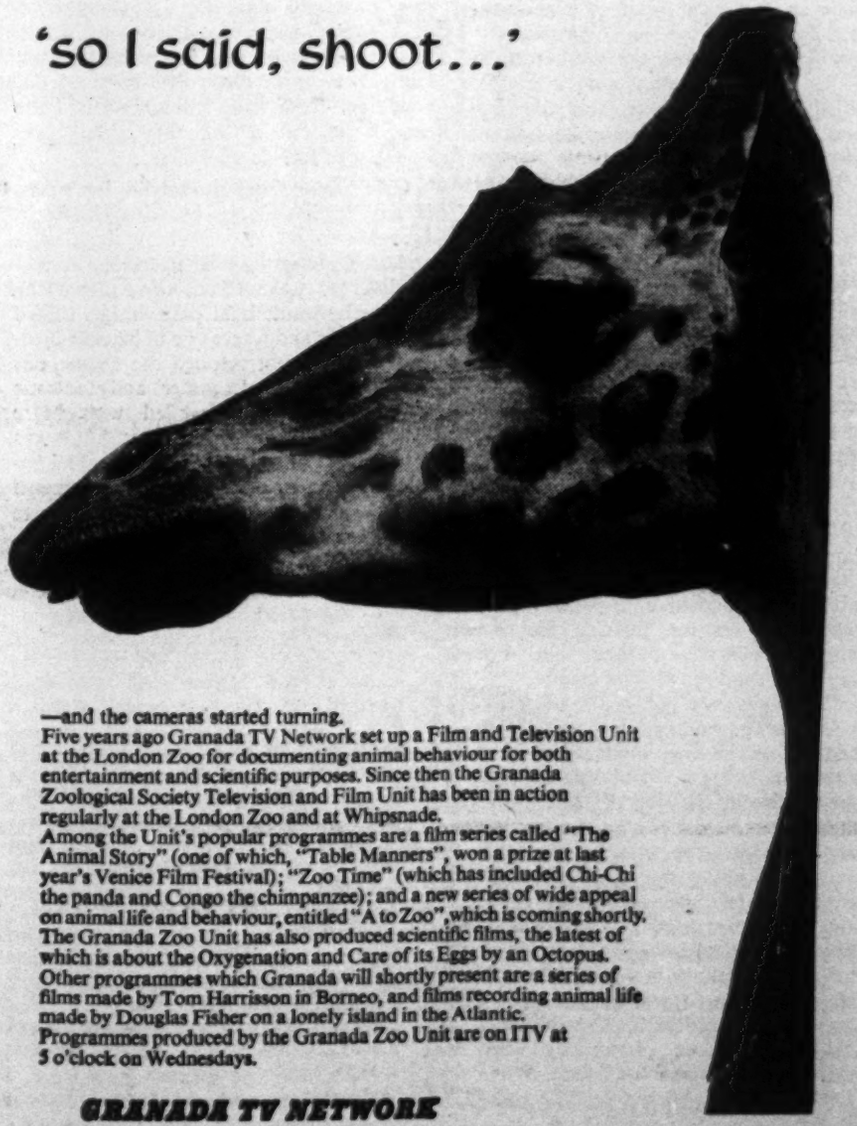

—and the cameras started turning.
Five years ago Granada TV Network set up a Film and Television Unit at the London Zoo for documenting animal behaviour for both entertainment and scientific purposes. Since then the Granada Zoological Society Television and Film Unit has been in action regularly at the London Zoo and at Whipsnade.
Among the Unit's popular programmes are a film series called "The Animal Story" (one of which, "Table Manners", won a prize at last year's Venice Film Festival); "Zoo Time" (which has included Chi-Chi the panda and Congo the chimpanzee); and a new series of wide appeal on animal life and behaviour, entitled "A to Zoo", which is coming shortly.
The Granada Zoo Unit has also produced scientific films, the latest of which is about the Oxygenation and Care of its Eggs by an Octopus.
Other programmes which Granada will shortly present are a series of films made by Tom Harrisson in Borneo, and films recording animal life made by Douglas Fisher on a lonely island in the Atlantic.
Programmes produced by the Granada Zoo Unit are on ITV at 5 o'clock on Wednesdays.

GRANADA TV NETWORK

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Gide and the Congo

V. S. PRITCHETT

'What an abominable crime to repulse, to prevent, love!' The words come near the end of the second part 'Back from Chad', in André Gide's journal *Travels in the Congo* (translated by Dorothy Bussy). They are his judgment on colonialism as he found it in the Congo in 1925. The consequences of what he saw are plain to us today. Unworldly, was he? Had he charmed himself – he was a great charmer – into a state of beatific detachment from the helpless committal that rules the mass of human beings? Was he not inclined to draw on a spiritual private income? He is indeed very complex. In his first days at Brazzaville, Gide was intoxicated by the tropics and spoke of wishing to return to God a grateful and enraptured soul; later he felt out of contact with reality and said that civilisation interposes a film, veiling and softening everything. He had not the terrible yet satisfying pessimism that he found in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, a book that recognised the Congo had put a horrible scar on both the white man and the black. But Gide's picture is intimate, delicate, indignant and alarmed. As a journal his book is among the best that African travel has given us.

The book is often dated, of course. Also Gide knew his limitations as a traveller. Here he had come against something beyond him. He was not a political economist; he had no knowledge of anthropology. He was a man of letters who had often found freedom in travel and who, in his melancholy fifties, was looking for pleasure and rejuvenation. There is something at once formidable and comic in the sight of an intellect chasing butterflies – and losing the handle of his net – or sitting in a whale boat half-full of stinking hippopotamus meat in a temperature of 104°, reading Bossuet and Racine, turning from Goethe to Milton, from Milton to Browning and from Browning to Molière, while he is cuddled by a pet sloth he has picked up on the journey. He is the genuine *philosophe* with the French vanity in spotting what is simple.

But this is only part of the story. Before a few weeks were up and when dullness had set in, he was suddenly shocked to attention. He saw colonialism at work in the wholesale cheating of the Negroes in the rubber plantations by the concessionary companies; he saw the requisitioned gangs, the enslavement, the sickness, the chains of prisoners, the brutal beatings and the burned huts. The authorities tried to put him off when he enquired. He persisted in every case he saw and, once or twice, after enormous trouble, got the bully imprisoned and the victim released. He made a nuisance of himself with the Governor, who was his friend. When the journals were published in 1927 and 1928, it caused a major row in France.

In Brazzaville he had been given the usual lecture. The Negro is a stupid, childish animal and rogue who needs strong language and a strong hand. Kindness and consideration are futile. Even if you swindle him he does not mind; he is delighted with what he gets. It is permissible to cheat him over the weights of rubber for he reckons by volume and anyway cannot count. Punishment is necessary. Gide ignored all this and worked on the opposite principle, with the result that in ten months of travel he had no trouble with his porters, treated them gently and was overwhelmed, in the end, by their affection. Nothing was stolen from him, and the only thing he was strict about was the health of his little sloth. The inhabitants were astonished when he waved to them as he went by; when he saw women and children repairing roads with their hands, he talked to them and protested. And if it is argued that his awful scenes are a thing of the past, especially since the introduction of modern machinery, the important fact is that the things he saw are printed in the living memory of those who survived the conditions. Nature and ignorance were hard enough on them without adding the brutality of foreign exploiters.

Gide's route from Brazzaville lay partly in the Belgian Congo but was chiefly in French territory. He went up the Congo and the Oubangi by river steamer, travelled by litter to Lake Chad, came down the Logone by whale boat past villages ruined by epidemic and where two of his men died, and went on foot through the Cameroons where life was pleasanter and fantastic sultans ruled. He travelled with Marc Allégret, the young film director, but it was hard going for the man of 50 who had become known as a fuss. He trained himself to write nearly every day and his notes were printed unaltered. They have the freshness and precision of the hour:

> Halted after about fourteen kilometres. A few isolated trees on a baked soil (like terra-cotta pottery). It was about eleven o'clock and the sun was broiling. We rested in the shade of the biggest tree. The wind scorched our skin as it passed; it was a curious plaited skein of mixed, alternate winds, one blowing no doubt from the river at a temperature of 98°, seemed cool; the other blew from a furnace, a breath from hell . . . The second part of the day was exceedingly trying – I really think the most fatiguing of the whole journey. The sky was thick – loaded with something – we didn't know what, except that it wasn't rain . . . Fortunately the water we boiled before starting has not got the horrible taste of crocodile, which the river water had had for the last few days . . . It is 110° now in the Gingleï resthouse where I am writing this. It is killing. And the light is like a dagger in one's eyes.

When the monotony of the burned plains becomes intolerable he turns to his Browning or his Milton. One requires the solid defence of the printed word against the barbarity of the scene. (Later in life, Gide was to say that he had read far too much, seeing in this, perhaps, an insidious self-regard.) But the evening comes. On the river's edge thousands of lovely birds enamel the sandbanks and

> incredible numbers of crocodiles . . . flattened out close against the ground, mud- and bug-coloured, motionless and looking as if they were the direct issue of the quagmire. A rifle shot and they all disappear swallowed up in the water of the stream, as if they had melted.

A warthog rushes at the party out of its den and everyone is so frightened that they shout with laughter. A lion roars.

And then suddenly into the narrative comes an episode like this, near Fort Lamy. Adoum the interpreter is asleep in a hut when a white sergeant and a corporal come in looking for a woman they suspect is hiding there. Adoum pretends to be asleep but when the disappointed sergeant sets fire to the hut he jumps up and protests. Living with Gide has given him courage. The sergeant shouts at him:

> 'Why doesn't the dirty nigger mind his own business? If you say a word, you'll be locked up.' 'Yes' says Adoum '*You* set fire to the hut and *I* get locked up'. Upon this the sergeant seized hold of him and gave a violent blow with his cane – this morning he still bears the mark of it on his back. The breaking out of the fire brought people out to see, amongst whom were Zara, the procuress, and Alfa, Coppet's boy, who implored Adoum to say nothing about it.

Another protest to the Governor.

Gide had been told that the people were sullen and hostile, and no doubt they were to their employers and rulers. To the traveller they were gay and responsive and soon lost suspicion. Many walked hand in hand with him, and children were afraid only of the boats, for they thought they might be carried away, perhaps to some working party. The traders and officials had projected their own fears upon the people, and the failure to understand the peculiar logic of the black man's mind made them brutal. They were also impetuous because they were out to make a quick fortune. Gide thought the story of the black man's sexual precocity was wildly exaggerated and he denied that there was sexual significance in the dances. Whether he was right or not – and he disliked the hysteria of the dances and had the prudery some homosexuals feel about heterosexual love – the white men were certainly obsessed by sexual fantasies.

There is, it must be allowed, an underlying puritanism and coolness in his notes. One notices an insularity of temperament – I mean that he is islanded in a certain pride in his own conscience. One is never quite assured when, rather precisely, he conveys his own humility. One recognises in this the accent of a generation. Open-minded, curious, detached, gentle, it has more than a note of the complacency of the detached intellect. One can hear him formulating, enacting little scenes with himself. He skilfully created a mood in which to live.

But none of this tells against him as a traveller, for to be imprudently on the move towards a new and forbidden frontier on which he would endlessly hesitate and equivocate, was important for him. The Congo journey began as voluptuousness and ended as a mission at a time when the need to be sternly right about something outside himself was urgent in his life. So we get in the two journals a book that describes a country all the better for disclosing a man; he might have been merely informative. All the time, on any day, in any hour, he has the art of putting us where he is as the country crowds in on him, as the pelicans rise, as the crocodiles vanish, as the paddle strikes the water, as the litter rocks to the porters' uneven step or as a Sultan wobbles towards him under an absurd umbrella. He is alive because he values small things and they often bring a country home to one better than the large. There is in him the temperament of the expectant man, something that gets up at dawn. He is outside the conventions of a kind of travel that has produced innumerable dull books; he is totally unexpeditionary.

Teiresias

Courtship of beasts
And courtship of birds:
How delightful to witness
In fullness of Spring
When swallows fly madly
In chase of each other,
Prairie-dogs tumble,
Wild ponies cavort,
And the bower-bird proffers
Spectacular gifts
To the hen of his choice!

But as for the stark act
That consummates courtship:
Are not dusky rock-caverns
And desolate fastnesses,
Tangle of jungle
And blackness of night,
The refuges chosen
By all honest creatures
That pricked by love's arrow
Perform the said act?

Then despite curs or roosters,
Bulls, ganders or houseflies,
Or troops in sacked cities
Forgetful of shame,
It is surely a duty
Entailed in our beasthood
To turn and go dumbly
Averting the eye,
Should we blunder on lovers
Well couched in a forest
Who thought themselves free?

Courtship of beasts
And courtship of birds:
How delightful to witness
In fullness of Spring!
But be warned by Teiresias,
Thebes' elder prophet,
Who saw two snakes coupling,
And crept up behind.
He for six years or seven
Was robbed of his manhood
But feigned to care nothing
And ended stark blind.

ROBERT GRAVES

Architecture and the Machine

Theory and Design in the First Machine Age. By REYNIER BANHAM. *Architectural Press.* 45*s.*

This is a book about the architectural revolution in the first 30 years of this century. It is an account of what men thought and what they did. It was clear to them all that they were confronted by new problems and circumstances: they were living in what Dr Banham calls 'the First Machine Age'.

This realisation engendered a mass of theoretical writing. Both its extent and the form in which it was produced – pamphlets, manifestos, magazine articles and books – make it difficult ground to cover. Very little is readily accessible, even in private libraries, and at least four different languages are involved. It is no mean feat to bring into a single readable document this intricate pattern of ideas and influences. Dr Banham's account will be of intense interest both to those who were in any way concerned and to those who today wish to find their bearings. There is, inevitably, more to say, but Dr Banham must have the credit for a skilful presentation of a subject that bristles with difficulties.

His first chapters look back on some predisposing causes – the Academic tradition, Choisy and Rationalism, and the related trends of development in England and Germany. He follows this up with sections on Italy and Futurism, Holland and de Stijl, Paris and Le Corbusier, and Germany, the Bauhaus and the establishment of the 'International' style. In particular, he brings out the influence of Futurism; and there is no doubt that the diagram of influences which adorns the jacket of Mr Alfred Barr's *Cubism and Abstract Art* (where Futurism, deriving from the Machine Aesthetic, moves only in the direction of Dadaism) will have to be redrawn.

The Russians appear powerfully from time to time in this study of the play of influences, and it seems a pity that a section on their architectural contribution was not included. By any standards the Russian work might have been considered, for it is no accident that Melnikov's pavilion was so outstanding in the Paris Exhibition of 1925. There is, in fact, a good deal of evidence available important to the theoretical aspects of Dr Banham's book. It would have demonstrated a forceful and independent development, at least partly opposed to Futurism; and Lissitsky would have been placed in position against his background.

But Dr Banham's book contains much that establishes it as a work of scholarship; and there are excellent chapters of condensed exposition. Judged at this level, however, it is difficult to avoid the view that the course of history is being plotted just a little too strongly from a vantage-point in the late Fifties. The course of history, as it is presented, is at least clear. The men who created the new 'machine age aesthetic' came to it 'bowed down with two thousand years' load of culture on their backs'. The Futurists 'proposed to dump their cultural load' and to rush forward with scientific and mechanical development, the replaceable product and the expendable aesthetic. It is significant that they did not build. Those who did, whilst influenced by futurist dynamism, failed to live up to futurist intentions. By accepting the

Andrew Young

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DRUON

Alexander the God

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"A persuasive portrait of Alexander the Great... ingenious in the extreme." SUNDAY TIMES
"A brilliantly handled novel of action." DAILY TELEGRAPH
"Brings the past vividly alive... an epic story." EVENING STANDARD
21*s*

HART-DAVIS

machine age and its products, they broke with tradition. But in their new conceptions of form and space they perpetuated the values of that tradition.

Such, I think, is Dr Banham's view. To prove his argument, he analyses two famous buildings of the period – the German pavilion at the Barcelona Exhibition of 1929, and Le Corbusier's house 'Les Heures Claires' built in 1930 – in order to show the sources of symbolism that are tapped. 'Their status as masterpieces rests', he says, 'upon the authority and felicity with which they give expression to a view of men in relation to their environment': which is to say that they are, in the traditional sense, works of art – 'they are masterpieces of the order of the Sainte Chapelle or the Villa Rotonda'. But, because of this, says Dr Banham,

> . . . we are entitled to enquire, at the very highest level, whether the aims of the International Style were worth entertaining . . . and whether its estimate of a machine age was a viable one . . . in the upshot the historian must find that they produced a machine age architecture only in the sense that its monuments were built in a machine age and expressed an attitude to machinery.

It is fair to say that another historian, with his eye more closely on what was built and its relation to industrial development, might have concluded that the extensive German housing work (which Dr Banham refers to on page 272) was produced after prolonged research, that its performance standards were technically high and that mass production was extensively employed. In this type of building the use of norms was quite unlike the end product symbolised in Le Corbusier's paintings and was, in fact, a rationalisation of component parts for mass production. From this point of view, perhaps there is at least a link between buildings designed for an existing industry and Mr Buckminster Fuller's admittedly more technically advanced Dymaxion house, which could not be produced because it required a completely new industry.

Dr Banham does not choose this approach. He dismisses this kind of functionalism as poverty-stricken symbolically and criticises Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier for an irrelevant symbolism. It is made clear that the quarrel with this symbolism is that it was of a kind that could only communicate in the Twenties, when automobiles could temporarily be compared to the Parthenon. But this changed when Burney streamliners were built in 1930 and when Harley Earle's Lasalle in 1934 was designed for a changing public market, not for an unchangeable norm. Dr Banham says: 'In cutting themselves off from the philosophical aspects of Futurism, though hoping to retain its prestige as Machine Age art, theorists and designers . . . cut themselves off not only from their own historical beginnings, but also from their foothold in the world of technology.'

I must admit that at this point I am not clear where Dr Banham stands. If he is implying that the architect must radically adapt his outlook and become more and more involved in technology; that some problems like mass housing demand freedom to change standards and may lead to production which involves a high rate of scrapping of equipment; that this calls for full acceptance of mass production in some buildings; and that it is in a realistic approach to these problems that architects will discover suitable forms and symbols; then there are many architects who will agree with him. But if he means that all that is necessary to the production of architecture can be learned from General Motors (this is not denigration) and that a civilisation is to be judged by the standard of its stylised mechanisms, then he is posing a philosophical question of considerable significance but outside the scope of this review.

LESLIE MARTIN

Cyprus and Makarios

STANLEY MAYES

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PUTNAM

New Short Stories

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The Tame Ox. By JACK COPE. *Heinemann.* 16*s*.

Kith and Kin. By PHYLLIS BENTLEY. *Gollancz.* 16*s*.

To complete Mr Taylor's quotation from *Anna Karenina:* ' . . . every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way'. These stories are so good that it would be hazardous to guess openly whether Mr Taylor imagines he is writing about happy families or unhappy ones. Certainly his families are not all alike, although they belong to the same level of the same kind of society, and tend to converse in the same tone of voice. Are they happy? Again, one cannot say. I believe in fact that Mr Taylor's title is ironical, for many of his stories seem to be telling us that at the heart of the most solid-seeming relationship there is a tiny blank area of misery, of non-communication, rarely apprehended even by those involved.

The setting is the American Middle-West or the borders of the South; the class, the affluent middle or decaying upper – if such terms have any meaning across the Atlantic. One is reminded at once, by the elaboration of social detail and the precise anatomising of the small smug towns in which Mr Taylor's creatures exist, of Sinclair Lewis; but this soon shows itself to be a false echo. Mr Taylor is after the reality that lies behind the seeming-reality of any situation; and because he is a true artist he makes no pretence of having once for all apprehended it. In each story the central situation or moment is approached from many oblique angles, and one knows that each complex statement is only an approximation to the truth, will certainly be qualified even further before the author feels that he has done his best to give us a glimpse of that elusive creature as it scuttles away again round the corner.

Miss O'Donovan uses the short story less as a medium for exploration than as a weapon for cutting away, neatly and often cruelly, at the shells with which people surround their weaknesses and their fears. Frustration is a dominant emotion: of a middle-aged woman whose husband has left her and who is made to realise, with awful clarity, that she cannot go back and begin again; of a small boy whose quarrelling parents fail to see his desperate need for reassurance; of a married couple who, in a moment of parental anxiety, reveal to each other the depths of failure in their relationship, and then wish bitterly that they had held their tongues. Formally almost perfect, these stories also impress by the clarity with which they illuminate such wounds. Read together, though, a certain coldness in the approach begins to numb the reader's responses, and one wishes that the hard white light could be relieved occasionally by a warmer glow.

Jack Cope's subject is Africa. His easy, almost urbane style is deceptive: what appears at first to be a Maugham-like evocation of a way of life that is different from ours turns out to contain just the sort of gritty perceptiveness that Maugham so often lacks. The title story of this collection, for instance, is about a Zulu chief who has distinguished himself academically, become principal of a native college, and seems thoroughly to have assimilated the standards and manners of his white mentors; but at the ceremony at which an honorary degree is to be conferred upon him he drinks too much, takes off his boots, abandons himself to a savage war dance . . . and then climbs calmly back on to the platform, wraps his academic robes about him and continues with the ceremony. Instead of feeling embarrassed for him, or amused, or superior, as we might with a lesser writer, we see only the deep dignity that comes when a man is wholly himself, and the limitations of his patroness, whose woolly idealism goes no further than thinking of a Zulu as a man who happens to be black. These economical stories are rich in understanding and love.

Phyllis Bentley's publishers laud her 'great gift for genuine, robust, honest-to-God *storytelling* . . .' and indeed we are back in that familiar, reassuring country where everything is exactly what it seems, and what people do and why they do it can always be understood and explained. There is no doubt that Dr Bentley is an expert at her job: the plots work, the stories move, the characters exist within their closed family circles with sufficient verisimilitude for us to care what happens to them. What they have not got, though, is that extra dimension that distinguishes Mr Taylor's work, nor the surgical precision of comment that lifts the other two books above the level of magazine fiction.

JEREMY BROOKS

The Bull and the Dove

Thomas Arnold. By T. W. Bamford. *Cresset.* 25*s.*

Pestalozzi. By Kate Silber. *Routledge.* 32*s.*

When I think of Thomas Arnold my chief feeling is one of gratitude to him for having begotten Matthew. If I try to think of him on his own a few dim notions swim up – classics and Christianity, flogging and sixth forms, and firmest of all the reform of a barbarous public school and the establishment of a model for nineteenth-century upper-class education. In fact, as Dr Bamford shows in his fresh, vigorous and convincing study, he was sensible about the classics, wanting them to be studied not as elegant antiquities but as a training for thinking about the modern world; he was brutal about flogging; in religion he was a kind of Broad Church Torquemada dispensing a mixture of love and terror; he treated the sixth formers as intellectual equals and made them the dominant element in the school – but he didn't reform the school at all. He simply carried on in a bigger, more successful school what his unknown predecessor Wooll had brought about. He made no fundamental changes in the curriculum or the organisation (except to ensure that the visiting science lecturer couldn't operate) and his reputation as a public school reformer is almost wholly a legend. This myth was engendered by the hagiographical biography by Stanley, an awed, adoring pupil, confirmed by *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and finally established by the drift of events and the success of rugby football.

Dr Bamford's original and intelligent book shows him to have been a fascinating clutch of inconsistencies. All his adult life a public-school headmaster and yet it is doubtful if he even believed in public-school education. He was certainly uneasy about introducing his own children into what he thought of as its inevitable moral squalor. Violently religious, obsessed with sin and work, he could be ruthless and unscrupulous about getting his way in school. An impassioned believer in aristocracy, to which he had been accidentally recruited by the marriage of a sister, he was a powerful advocate of social and political reform. Sceptical about modern studies like English and Science, he yet argued for a complete sociological census of the country as a prelude to radical measures of reform.

How this male and burly figure, this terrifying bull of a Victorian, contrasts with the mild and dove-like Pestalozzi, a blend of metaphysical Goldsmith and eighteenth-century Gandhi! He lived in a feminine world, surrounded by doting women and quarrelling disciples. He was maddeningly inept in practical affairs. He was also an utterly pure and disinterested spirit with a superlative understanding of the mind, the feelings, the aspiration and anguish of the young. His achievement, his marvellous achievement, was to reconstruct the European sensibility towards children, making it at once realistic and tender. It is the custom in Europe to attribute his immense, beneficent influence to his 'thought', and this is the line taken by Dr Silber in her comprehensive and interesting treatise. She wants to gain for him in the English speaking world 'the wider significance he has attained on the continent of Europe.' But the many quotations from the works that Dr Silber gives show that it is Pestalozzi's character that counts, not his writings. To me they are wambling in direction, melting in the middle and vague at the edges, but also occasionally glittering with sudden, heavenly insight like goldfish in a muddy pool.

The rough justice of history keeps a certain proportion in its deliverances. It has found Thomas Arnold significant and Pestalozzi important. But still the justice, it must be admitted, is very, very rough. History having looked in vain for an achievement level with Arnold's towering personality has finished by inventing one for him. As for Pestalozzi, it has attributed his achievement to his 'thought', that soft romantic effusion, instead of to its real centre, a total, unflawed and sensitive goodness.

William Walsh

Who Really is Silvia?

Shakespeare and the Rose of Love. John Vyvyan. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

The Living Shakespeare. Edited by Robert Gittings. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Continuing his search for the Shakespearean ethic, Mr Vyvyan proposes that *Love's Labour's Lost, The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* and *Romeo and Juliet* adumbrate a Shakespearean version of the medieval allegory of love. He underlines the Terentian five-act pattern of each play, and argues that this strict dramatic formula corresponds to the firm intellectual outline of the lover's allegorical progress towards his mistress. 'Who is Silvia?' asks the famous song: on Mr Vyvyan's reading she is a love-symbol as well as a girl, a manifestation of Valentine's true self, a spiritual standard to which he must be innerly faithful, or risk losing his proper identity. So, Juliet for Romeo, and Ophelia for Hamlet. When the lover is inconstant, tragedy threatens. Under Juliet's influence, Romeo turns the other cheek to Tybalt's insults, but when Mercutio retorts for him, and is killed, Romeo falls back into the old revenge-code: 'Away to heaven, respective lenity, And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now'. Thus, by killing Tybalt, Romeo brings down on Juliet's and his own head the curse of the family feud. Mr Vyvyan goes on to suggest that the personal allegory links up with Shakespeare's interest in the clash between the moralities of Old and New Testament; becomes, in fact, the dramatist's most searching way of teaching the ethic of Christian forgiveness for past sins.

He thinks that the huddled conclusion of *The Two Gentlemen* results from a failure to dramatise this part of the allegory. Valentine's remark to the unpleasant Proteus – 'All that was mine in Silvia I give thee' – has always seemed one of those lines Shakespeare ought to have blotted. But for Mr Vyvyan, what *was* Valentine's was an insight into the spiritual perfection of true love. 'Holy, wise and fair is she.' Valentine's forgiveness has redeemed his friend, who is therefore fit to share the beatific vision. This is the allegory which either Shakespeare or the text we have has failed to clarify.

Mr Vyvyan's exposition is persuasive, but like so many critics in pursuit of Shakespeare's philosophy, he is not very sensitive to the crucial differences in tone which both complicate and enrich the interpreter's labour. He has no answer, for example, to the view that Mercutio is the voice, not of an ethos which Romeo ought yet fails to transcend, but of an attitude to experience so individual as to suggest that here, in Shakespeare's consciousness, is a growing-point more significant than any point of view dramatised by the two lovers. If the play's moral world is what Mr Vyvyan claims it is, then Mercutio belongs to a later one, and no simple didacticism can account for his death. (According to Dryden Shakespeare said 'himself, that he was forc'd to kill [Mercutio] in the third Act to prevent being killed by him.')

This does not mean Shakespeare never thought in terms of love-allegory. Mr Vyvyan's findings are valuable if only because any connection between Shakespeare and earlier English poetry is important, and the love-allegory is certainly a firmer one than some other 'medieval' inheritances. The question is not whether Mr Vyvyan's stress is mistaken, but whether he over-values its importance. I think he does. Allegory seems to be the least demanding way for a writer to translate ideas into poetry, and since Mr Vyvyan is looking for ideas, he immediately settles for those suggested by the love-allegory. But Shakespeare has other notations for his thought. It cannot be too often emphasised that what matters in drama is not what is said, but what is shown. The love-allegory of the early plays corresponds to experiences which Shakespeare only showed fully – and his mature verse is a main part of the demonstration – in plays like *Othello* and *Antony and Cleopatra.* Spenser described his allegory as 'a dark conceipt', and in a different sense, this seems a fair comment on the love-allegory in the plays Mr Vyvyan discusses. It is Shakespeare's first approximation to experiences whose meaning he had not fully grasped.

The Living Shakespeare (unlike Mr Vyvyan's, who is very much for the experts) is for the layman. It is a collection of the

LOUISE COCHRANE

Jalopy at the Rally

Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Elizabeth Jackson. Further adventures of that engaging creature, Jalopy, who has already appeared in *Jalopy, the Taxicab Cat.* 'Charming and witty story, most beautifully illustrated'. *Yorkshire Post* 6*s net*

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'Realistic schoolboy talk, a well-planned plot and a tense climax' *Sunday Times.* 'A topper for young readers' *The Star.* 'Hours of exciting reading' *Manchester Evening News.* By the author of the *Jim Starling* books.

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CHATTO & WINDUS

texts of a broadcast series on Network Three, first suggested by the Overseas Service to meet world-wide demand for 'an authoritative yet popular survey of Shakespearean study'. Alas for the world – the authorities are embarrassingly varied. On the one hand, there is Leslie Hotson on *Shakespeare the Man*, and J. F. Danby on *The Tragedies;* but on the other, there is Margaret Webster determined that the world shall know that Shakespeare's characters are 'real people', and Tyrone Guthrie equally insistent on the producer's right to free interpretation.

The contributor's tone also varies, and this has its own interest. Margaret Webster offers *Shakespeare In His Time* like this:

> And to this Tom Tiddler's land of verbal plenty came Shakespeare, the greatest genius of imagery and word-magic who has ever lived; and whatever he picked up turned, in his hands, to gold and silver.

This is the kind of thing that makes people hate Shakespeare. More accomplished versions of personalising are J. Dover Wilson's statement that editing gives him happiness, and Bonamy Dobrée's man-to-man style: 'But doesn't it seem to you that in that play the major intuitions are a bit dead?' (That play is *The Tempest.*) To turn from these talks to those by David Daiches, L. C. Knights, and J. F. Danby is to move into a world where the speaker is truly a voice, responsive only to Shakespeare, not to the alleged necessity of cajoling the mass-audience. It is comforting to read these genuine uses of the medium. They remind you – when you hear the arguments about how impossible it is to communicate anything to a lay-audience above the level of the Brains Trust – where the initial responsibility for communicating lies.

GRAHAM MARTIN

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The South African Blasphemy

Curtain-Up on South Africa. By GARRY ALLIGHAN. *Boardman.* 21*s.*

Brief Authority. By CHARLES HOOPER. *Collins.* 21*s.*

The Catholic Church in South Africa. By W. E. BROWN. *Burns & Oates.* 35*s.*

Of these three books on South Africa two are written by priests whose churches have vigorously denounced *Apartheid* and all its works; the third by a self-appointed PRO to this 'unknown country'. Garry Allighan, former Labour MP who emigrated to South Africa 13 years ago and has been editing trade papers there ever since, has decided that South Africa is misunderstood. He has therefore written a combined travelogue and trade prospectus designed to boost the future of the 'young' dominion in glowing terms. And it has the result of being the most damaging of the three to the image of South Africa.

It is not that Mr Allighan has not tried very hard to reward the country of his adoption. Town after town in his itinerary gets its puff; industry after industry its panegyric. Little local difficulties like *Apartheid* are complacently explained away. Racial tension? It is not that the Black dislikes the White, but merely his laws, so 'to sympathise with a few rioting Natives is to support lawlessness.' Suppression of Native rights? The Bantu is not interested in political equality, but merely in economics. Give him a full stomach and all will be well. How this is to be done is never indicated, since Mr Allighan triumphantly lists among the commercial advantages of South Africa its cheap labour, cheap land and the lowest income-tax scales in the world. And if the laws are sometimes administered too harshly, he suggests, we must remember that most South Africans believe even the educated Bantu is only one degree removed from a savage. Time will gradually correct all that. I don't know what this book will do to the foreign investor – at whom it is clearly aimed – but by God, it frightens me.

To turn from this book to Father Hooper's is to turn to another world. No doubt Father Hooper, a member of the same Community of the Resurrection which produced Trevor Huddleston, would be included by Mr Allighan among those 'well-intentioned clerics suffering somewhat from moralistic dyspepsia' who do not understand South Africa. But in fact he was born there, as was his wife, and if South Africa were a rational country she would be proud to claim him as her own. His book is, to begin with, a beautiful piece of writing – quite outstanding in this field. It is also one of the most important pieces of first-hand social observation to come out of the country – a must for those who want to know what is really going on. That is why it has been banned by the South African government, just as Father Hooper was banned from his mission district in 1958 and, since the round-ups which followed Sharpeville, has had to take refuge in Swaziland.

Brief Authority is the account of Father Hooper's experiences as Rector of Zeerust and priest-in-charge of the mission district there, deep in the heart of the 'platteland' of the Western Transvaal, some 200 miles from Johannesburg on the borders of Bechuanaland. He went to this rural outpost at the end of 1954, determined to administer Christian rites impartially to both Afrikaaner and African. He soon found that his European congregation would allow him to do no such thing. His Christmas round of the Reserves soon after his arrival quickly plunged him into trouble as 'giving preference to natives.' His Afrikaaner congregation boycotted him. The European church emptied while the African church was always full. The Rectory turned back to front: the front room, fed by the European entrance, became dusty and deserted. The verandah at the back (natives in South Africa use the back door) became the centre of the house's life. Here gathered the Africans as they came to trust him – children, churchwardens and members of the Mothers Union. They came to confide, to play – often to laugh. ('Tell us, Father', asked one visitor, 'where is this country we hear so much about – this country called non-Europe where we are supposed to originate?') His tours of the villages in the Reserves became more and more exacting – and satisfying. The story rollicks along, irresistibly readable and often funny, until the troubles came.

In March 1957, the government, thwarted in its determination to impose passes on the women in the towns, decided to make a start in a peaceful country area instead. And to their astonishment, the docile Bafurutse turned and fought – not with weapons or by any organised design, but blindly, instinctively and in confusion, rejecting the hated pass books or later burning them. A few months later I was in Johannesburg for the treason trial and the word 'Zeerust' was on everybody's lips, as stories leaked out about the retribution being wreaked by the infuriated authorities on the helpless villages. So I decided to go and see for myself. I found Father Hooper's rectory like a besieged fortress to which, even as I sat talking to the young priest and his wife, the villagers came to show their injuries or report some new vengeance visited on their homes. African wives called in on their way back from visiting their husbands crowded in the little local gaol. Father Hooper, his eyes black with fatigue, gave what solace and advice he could. Hopelessly, he intervened on their behalf with the authorities. That was his crime.

It is his crime, too, that he has now told this story of the individual tragedies he observed or carefully recorded at the time. And, in doing so, he exposes yet another of the fallacies of *Apartheid*: the argument that it is designed to build up the authority of Bantu government in the Bantu areas. On the contrary the government has deliberately destroyed that authority by breaking the customary links between the chiefs and their tribes. Those chiefs who 'co-operated' by trying to impose the passes on their unwilling people were handsomely rewarded. Those who tried to represent their people's will, as expressed in its traditional forms, were deposed. It was as crude as that.

The whole theory of *Apartheid*, in other words, is not only immoral – it is a fraud. It is not based on any rational theory of administration or economics, but on a phantasy of fanaticism which penetrates even into peaceful Bantu areas to subordinate and destroy. That is why it has gradually driven into overt opposition a body like the Roman Catholic church, traditionally reluctant to come into conflict with the civil authorities. Mr Brown's book is of a very different kind from Father Hooper's. It is a detailed, scholarly record of the history of the Roman Catholic church in South and South West

Africa from 1837 to 1922 and, as such, is of interest primarily to Catholics. But the editor, Michael Derrick, has felt compelled to bring the picture up to date, after the author's death, by making the church's attitude to Nationalist policies clear in an epilogue. *Apartheid*, said the Bishops' Conference in 1957, does not mean some plausible doctrine of separate development. It simply means white supremacy, the denial of the dignity of whole sections of the human race, and as such is blasphemy against God's law.

BARBARA CASTLE

Peeling the Renaissance

Italian Renaissance Studies. Edited by E. F. JACOB. *Faber.* 63*s.*

Studying the Renaissance is rather like peeling Peer Gynt's onion. The dried-up outer skin – J. A. Symonds's interpretation – now slips off quite easily. Jakob Burckhardt's proves much tougher, but finally yields to the knife; and with it come the succeeding layers – 'the revival of learning', 'the new humanism', 'the study of Man,' 'respect for the individual', 'the rise of the middle classes', 'the emergence of the modern state.' At last, only 'art' remains: and even that concept needs closer scrutiny. Perhaps, after all, as Professor Jacob himself put it in a previous volume, 'the Renaissance was essentially a *Stilbegriff*': perhaps one's left with nothing but reeking hands and the stubs of Uffizi admission tickets. And yet, in the last resort, 'medieval' means one thing and 'modern' another. Attempts to make them dovetail in the 'twelfth-century renaissance' or in 'the seventeenth-century scientific revolution' are just as artificial as any. *Natura nihil facit per saltum;* and the best service that Renaissance studies have lately rendered is to show on the one hand that the past is quite as perplexing and unruly as the multifarious present, but on the other hand that secular change is real.

The book that prompts these reflections, a tribute to the late Cecilia Ady, is the most elegant of *Festschriften*, with 41 illustrations in its 500-odd pages. Its contributors include such distinguished figures as the Warden of All Souls, the Director of the Warburg Institute, and Sir Maurice Bowra; but their presence doesn't preclude that of younger specialists whose work by no means suffers from the comparison. The two outstanding pieces, it is true, are Professor Gombrich's paper on 'The Early Medici as Patrons of Art' (which qualifies the changing concept of 'patronage', evolving from 'good works' to 'encouragement of artists'), and Professor Edgar Wind's study of 'Maccabean Histories in the Sistine Ceiling', an exciting and plausible piece of detective work suggesting that the ten bronze medallions on the cornice were partly inspired by woodcuts in Malermi's vernacular Bible, and that together they represent the Ten Commandments divided according to Origen. But almost equally impressive are Mr J. R. Hale's lively article on 'War and Public Opinion' and Dr Peter Partner's hard-headed analysis of the Papal 'budget', quietly flattening at least one mistaken continental scholar, and printing for the first time some sections of a 1525 'budget' from the Vatican archives.

These alone would make *Italian Renaissance Studies* of permanent value to specialists; but, unlike most such compilations, this is no mere magpie's nest of odd chapters from divers PhD theses, to be bought or borrowed, wastefully, by anyone concerned for a single item. What looks like firm editorial control and planning has made the book a unity. Professor Jacob's introduction sets the scene historiographically; ensuing chapters seek to delimit the *italianità* of the Renaissance, its humanism, then its military and political aspects, its economics, its patronage, and its arts. Only at the end come two appendages; and even these show Renaissance influence rippling out in concentric rings. Along the way, the traditional picture mellows, yet appears in sharper detail. A number of preconceptions is qualified, but confirmed. Yes, there *was* a revival of learning: of partly medieval learning. Yes, there *were* new attitudes to war – but not, perhaps, more disillusioned than in earlier centuries. Yes, there were constitutional experiments: but the 'modern state' was a long way off. Perhaps it's a comment on our own pre-occupations that in the ferment of the Renaissance one now seems to discern the yeast of economic change. The Age of the Medici was also that of the bond market and the *rentier* mentality. Strange – and worth remembering – that so many of Florence's aesthetic treasures were the product of her guilty conscience.

RICHARD MAYNE

Shorter Reviews

The Correspondence of Isaac Newton: II, 1676-1687. Ed. H. W. TURNBULL. *Cambridge.* 7 *gns.*

After the great years when he was 'in his prime for invention' this is a period of consolidation. The letters are mainly concerned with setting out his pure mathematical discoveries against the claims of Leibnitz, with an interminable controversy with Anthony Lucas, who simply would not accept Newton's analysis of optical phenomena, with astronomical data incidental to the *Principia*, which he was then preparing for publication, and with the question of the best varieties of apple for making cyder. What scholarly lamps have burned to achieve the publication and annotation of the letters - full of crabbed old algebra and long-forgotten disputes with half-remembered men! Not only do we get the letters to and from Newton himself but many other documents and notes referring to his work and setting the scene of his labours. For student and scholar these volumes are gold mines. Even the gentle reader, who does not care much, perhaps, for the arc of a hyperbola or the orbit of a comet, may enjoy peeping, in these handsomely printed pages, at the childhood of Modern Science, still in its Age of Innocence and Wonder.

J.M.Z.

Paris Review: Spring 1960. *Deutsch.* 3*s.*6*d.*

The *Paris Review* remains as lively as ever. In this issue, in addition to some good verse and short stories and an interview with Aldous Huxley, it has brought off a scoop. Almost half its space is devoted to a posthumous work, 'Through the Panama', by that strange, almost unknown genius who died three years ago, Malcolm Lowry, author of *Under the Volcano*. Harvey Breit, in a brief foreword, implies a comparison with Rimbaud's *Saison en enfer*. That may be going too far. On the purely surface level it is a journal of a voyage made through the Panama Canal by a novelist called Wilderness, who seems to be Lowry himself. As such, it has wit and a clarity of description that strikes one as both bizarre and precise. But there is obviously more to it than that: the self-exploration of a tortured man which its author began in *Ultramarine* and continued, in a greatly enriched style with deeper insight, in *Under the Volcano*.

W. A.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,589 **Set by Buzfuz**

No more farthings are to be made. The usual prizes are offered for *The Times* obituary of the coin (120 words). Entries by 16 August.

Result of No. 1,586 **Set by Scythrop**

Competitors are asked to suggest an extract from a rhymed Guide to Britain for the use of foreigners. Limit 14 lines.

Report

Some competitors crammed a whole itinerary into 14 lines; others concentrated on a single theme – coinage (Ian C. Gilchrist), food (Desmond Skirrow), county (G. J. Blundell). Some (R. A. Mackenzie's revolting guest-house was one) warned would-be visitors off:

Cats you'll find on the guest-house chairs,
Shaking their ears and shedding their hairs.

D. Rothenberg's polyglot entry, though amusing, was perhaps too reminiscent of the tower of Babel.

I recommend the division of the prize-money among the entries printed, all of which impart useful information. The runners-up are Betty Boyle, Barbara Roe, Phoebe Ruth Hart, H. A. C. Evans and those mentioned above.

Leave London: like all capitals, a city
That's very much like Hell – the more's the pity!
Seek Britain's coasts: fair beaches, scattered free,
Echo the murmured music of the sea;
Thread Cotswold lanes: breathe deep the Cotswold air:
The loveliest hamlets in the world lie there;
And don't miss Wales, where mountains climb the sky
And verdant valleys charm the coldest eye.
Go farther north and see how Nature makes
A paradise for poets out of lakes.
Pause on the way, if honest men you like,
And meet the blunt, outspoken Yorkshire tyke.
Ahead looms Scotland – Land o' Cakes it's called:
Taste oatmeal porridge there, and be appalled!

ALLAN M. LAING

Aldermaston for the Left, and Ascot for the Right,
Blackpool for the girl-bereft, and Bognor beach at night;
Canterbury if you pray, and Cambridge if you think,
Downing Street where hopes decay, and Dartmoor with its clink;
Eton College if you're willing, Epsom if capriceful,
Fox-hunt if you're fond of killing, Fylingdales if peaceful!
Glasgow for ship-building hopes, and Galloway for cowing,
Herstmonceux for telescopes, and Harrow – for the 'ploughing'!
Ilkley Moor (see Bognor beach), but Ilfracombe with spouse,
John o' Groats (bit out of reach), and Dr Johnson's house;
Kenilworth for castle, Kidderminster for its mats,
Law Courts, where you doff your lid, and Lambeth (full of 'cats');
Mayfair for its chemmy do's, and Margate by the sea,
Ness (with MONSTER in the ooze), and Nash'n'l Gallerie.

GLORIA PRINCE

You may think us of common sense bereft,
But in this island we drive on the LEFT.
Licensing laws can't be summed up in rhyme,
But always sooner than you think, it's TIME.
Our food is wholesome, you'll find on your tour,
With fish and-chips the favourite *plat du jour*,
And then to follow, if you're on a spree,
Rhubarb and custard and a cup of tea.
We have a streamlined highway, fit to stun,
The unrestricted, fabulous M.1
(And only), whereon, free from traffic jam,
In one brief hour you can reach Birmingham,
Arrived at which, you may be well content
To come back even faster than you went.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

The climate is deplorable,
Our natives aren't adorable
(Xenophobia, incurable).
The language is unspeakable,
Our conceit is indisputable.
The Press is most objectionable.
The coinage is illogical.
Our coffee is execrable.
Our food is just consumable.
The roads are hardly usable,
The muddle is incredible.
The night life is respectable,
Our sex life is inscrutable.
Come and see us if you're sceptical.

MICHAEL STROUD

Hélas, à Birmingham, les airs
Sont gâtés par le chemin de fer.
Tournez vite pour voir Stratford
Où nacquit, vivait donc est mort
Shakespeare qui est le Racine anglais
(Othello et sa femme étranglée).
Voyez, touristes idolâtres,
Les monuments, le grand théâtre,
Le tombeau simple du poète
La chaumière de sa femme si bête.
Il y a, au moins, cinq bons hôtels
Des garages et une église belle.
Partout on vend des souvenirs
En plomb, en plastique et en cire.

LYNDON IRVING

COMPANY MEETING

SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

Record Sales

The Thirty-first Ordinary General Meeting of Smith's Potato Crisps Limited was held on Thursday, 28 July, in London.

Mr. F. Le Neve-Foster, chairman, in the course of his speech, said: The Net Profit after taxation is £1,010,831 as against £467,313 for the previous year.

We have again established record sales and turnover has been increased, both in volume and amount, by over 16%, which compares with reported increases of 12% for the previous year and 10% in 1957/58.

The Board recommends a final dividend of 30%, plus a cash bonus of 10%, making a total distribution for the year of 55%. On the larger present issued capital, the distribution represents an effective rate for the year of 54.06% as against the previous year's distribution of an effective rate of 31.89% related to the present capital. The board also recommends the capitalisation of £208,577 of the Reserves to provide for a distribution of one fully paid share of 5/- for every five shares held.

The demand for Crisps continues to grow steadily and we have good grounds for a firm belief that there is still room for considerable growth of consumption, particularly in domestic use.

QUALITY THE KEYNOTE

Quality has ever been the keynote of our policy. We pay the greatest attention to all matters which are necessary to maintain it, thus imparting just that difference in taste for which Smith's are so famous. I make no apologies for repeating once again our slogan "There are no Crisps to equal Smith's Crisps." To the Public, Crisps usually mean Smith's Crisps.

For the first three months of the current year sales are up again on the figures for the same period last year.

The report was adopted and the capitalisation of reserves approved.

City Lights

Wall Street Wobbles

The London stock market, at times when there is no obvious reason for moving this way rather than that, tends to drift quietly along behind Wall Street; Wall Street last week slipped with disconcerting suddenness to within a fraction of its lowest point for the year and was not to be moved by a hasty relaxation of the official rules about credit transactions. Disappointment with company profit statements was part of the trouble; the preliminary figures confirm the general feeling that profits as a whole were beginning to fall in the second quarter and help to justify the slow retreat of share prices which has been in progress since the beginning of the year. The main trouble, however, was uncertainty about what is going to happen to profits in the future. Even the professional forecasters are now unsure whether there is to be a modest improvement in business conditions towards the end of the year or a serious recession, and the election campaign will not make it easier for them to decide. It is ironic that the recovery of exports which is one of the better features of the US situation has been accompanied by a continued loss of gold: during the past few weeks the loss has been heavy. It is due almost entirely to the pull of higher interest rates in Britain and elsewhere and would not be important were it not for everyone's exaggerated awareness of the fact that nowadays even the dollar is vulnerable. If the presidential candidates, both of whom start off by being in favour of more rapid economic growth and higher government expenditure, compete too vigorously with promises as the campaign proceeds, the loss of gold could become more troublesome. The possibility, coupled with the likelihood of rising prices, will probably continue to make the Federal Reserve wield even its own poor weapons more cautiously than the rest of the country would like.

* * *

Sales of motor cars on hire purchase rose again last month, and the rise seems to have been connected with Vauxhall's decision to clear its accumulating stocks by cutting prices. Concealed price-cutting is common enough in this kind of situation; the manufacturer quietly offers the dealer a higher discount which he quietly hands on to the public by offering better prices for the old cars he takes in part-exchange. This time, however, whether by accident or design, the price-cutting went on openly, and Vauxhall dealers quickly caught on to the fashion of advertising the fact that they were offering substantial and competitive discounts on list prices. The sort of regular price-cutting which has now become established in the grocery business may well spread before long to household goods. Hire purchase restrictions have reinforced the effect of foreign competition, and stocks are rising to a level which greatly increases the independence of the dealers. Two signs of the times are Hoover's announcement that its home sales were 35 per cent lower in May and June and Associated Electrical's introduction of a new scheme under which washing machines and refrigerators are to be hired out.

Victories have to be paid for. Mr Fraser's balance sheet still carries the scars earned in the battle for control of Harrods. Temporary bank loans, he assured shareholders at the weekend, have been paid off since the end of the year and they will have no cause to be dissatisfied with next year's balance sheet. But property sales take time, the group is fully stretched at the moment, and it is scarcely surprising that Mr Fraser thinks 'a certain period of consolidation' is needed before he takes over anything else.

Pye, too, could do with a rest. Its victory over the syndicate for control of Telephone Manufacturing – the syndicate has expressed its peevishness by snapping up another little telephone company before Pye could discover its existence – must have cost it £1¼m to £2m in cash, on top of an overdraft which had risen from £3.9m to £5.3m in the previous year. With a credit squeeze beginning, Pye may well have to come to its shareholders once again for fresh capital before long.

* * *

The pace of steel denationalisation has been increased recently. The sale of Richard Thomas and Baldwins may have been postponed until the company is further on with its new expansion programme, but tentative inquiries are already being made about the great slab of steel debentures and Preference shares which the State still owns, and the few small companies left are being rapidly disposed of. Two have been sold in the past ten days alone. One was sold for £600,000, a loss of just over £100,000. The other was sold for £1¼m, a loss of nearly £1¼m.

* * *

Electric & Musical Industries, after failing to get control first of Lancashire Dynamo and then of Henry Simon – the second failure may have been coloured by the fact that EMI's City advisers were then in the middle of merging with Simon's advisers – has been negotiating with the board of Morphy-Richards. Their negotiations were apparently unsuccessful, but one of the Morphy-Richards directors has now sold out the Morphy family holding, ten per cent of the total and probably the largest single block, without consulting his colleagues. The question for EMI now is whether to make an open bid for the rest immediately or to build up its holding gradually as opportunities occur.

Company News

Unigate, the merger of United Dairies and Cow & Gate, is paying a 14 per cent dividend in place of the ten per cent at least which was forecast with the merger proposals a year ago.

Thorn Electrical, one of the biggest TV manufacturers in the country, with large interest in lighting and domestic appliances, has increased its trading profit by a third to £3.9m, is raising the dividend from a forecast 20 to 25 per cent, and is proposing a one-for-one scrip issue.

The chairman of *Smith's Crisps* – it seems they now send out nearly a million *tins* of crisps a week – has forecast another increase in dividend.

Mr Jack Cotton's *City Centre Properties* has been given permission (this is known as Britain's overseas investment effort) to build a block of luxury flats in Paris.

Macowards, a South Wales stores group, has been bid for by two other companies: the chairman has gone to Messrs Warburg to be told which is the better offer.

Now that Mr Thorneycroft and Mr Powell have abandoned unit trusts for office, Sir Oscar Hobson has become chairman of the *Commonwealth* group.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 560 The Boon of Correspondence Games

I have no statistics handy, but from what my readers tell me it would seem to be evident that correspondence chess in this country is gaining new addicts all the time; anyway, out of the four items this "Readers' Own" week, as many as three are correspondence games. Here's one which after various up's and down's (and "by a stroke of fortune", as he calls it) won C. G. Hilton the Boyd Prize last year.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; (4) Q-B2, P-B4; (5) P-K3, O-O (6) Kt-B3, P-QKt3; (7) B-Q2, P-Q3; (8) P-QR3, BxKt; (9) BxB, QKt-Q2; (10) P-QKt4, Q-K2; (11) B-Q3, P-K4; (12) QPxBP, QPxP; (13) Kt-Kt5, P-KR3; (14) P-KR4!, B-Kt2; (15) P-B3, KR-K1; (16) B-R7 ch, K-R1; (17) B-B5, QR-Q1; (18) K-B2, P-K5; (19) P-B4, K-Kt1; (20) P-Kt4, Kt-B1; (21) QR-KKt1, R-Q6; (22) Kt-R3, Kt-R3; (23) P-KKt5, Kt-Q5!; (24) Q-Kt2, KtxB; (25) PxRP, Kt-R4; (26) R-Kt5?, P-Kt3; (27) RxKt(R5), PxR; (28) R-Kt1 ch, K-R2; (29) B-B6!, R-Q7 ch; (30) QxR, QxR; (31) Kt-Kt5 ch, KxP; (32) R-Q1 [Here's Hilton's "stroke of fortune" (32) Q-Q7 failing in every variation], Q-K2; (33) Q-Kt2, B-B1; (34) PxP, PxP; (35) R-Q5, P-B3; (36) KtxP, K-Kt3!; (37) Resigns.

This incisive little game was won in the BCCA tourney by Dr. P. C. Wason.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-Q4, PxP; (4) KtxP, Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-Q3; (6) P-B4, P-KKt3; (7) B-QKt5, B-Q2; (8) BxKt, BxB; (9) P-K5, PxP; (10) PxP, Kt-K5; (11) KtxKt, BxKt; (12) O-O, B-Kt2; (13) R-K1, Q-Q4; (14) P-B3, BxKP; [. . . QxP would fail against (15) B-B4, QxB; (16) Q-R4 ch, etc.]; (15) Q-R4 ch, K-B1; (16) B-R6 ch, B-Kt2; (17) Kt-K6 ch, QxKt; (18) RxB, Q-Kt3 ch; (19) B-K3, QxP; (20) R-KB1, R-K1?; [. . . R-Q1 was preferable; as it happened, White decided the game in a few moves, and that might serve as A, the 4-pointer for beginners.]

An equally well deserved chessbook voucher goes to K. C. Messere, a newcomer, who won this interesting (though far from flawless) correspondence game against a Swedish opponent.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, Kt-B3; (4) P-Q3, B-B4; (5) P-B4, P-Q3; (6) Kt-B3, Kt-KKt5; (7) R-B1?, KtxRP; (8) BxP ch, K-B1; (9) KtxKt, Q-R5 ch; (10) K-Q2, QxKt; (11) B-R5, PxP; (12) Kt-Q5, P-KKt4; (13) P-B3, QxP ch; (14) B-K2, K-Kt2; (15) P-QKt4, B-K6 ch; (16) KtxB, PxKt; (17) KxP, B-Q2; (18) B-B3, Q-R7; (19) R-R1, Q-K4; (20) P-Q4, Q-B3; (21) K-Q3, P-KR3; (22) B-K3, Kt-K2; (23) B-K2, Kt-Kt3; (24) Q-KKt1, P-Q4; (25) P-K5, Q-R3 ch; (26) K-Q2, Q-R6; (27) Q-Kt1, QR-KB1; (28) Q-Kt3, QxQ; (29) PxQ, P-QR3; (30) P-B4, B-K3; (31) R-QB5, Kt-B5; (32) BxKt, RxB; (33) K-B3, P-B3; (34) P-Kt5, BPxP; (35) R-Q1, KtPxP; (36) PxP, R-Q1; (37) R-QKt1, R-Q2; (38) R-Kt6, K-B2; (39) B-R5 ch, K-K2; (40) R-B5, R-R5 (41) B-Kt8!, R-R6 ch; (42) K-Kt4, PxP; (43) BxR, R-Kt6 ch; (44) K-R5, RxR; (45) KxR, BxB; (46) P-Q5, P-Kt5; (47) RxP, P-KR4; (48) P-K6, B-Kt4; (49) K-B7! and soon won the ending.

Finally, here's how one of our assiduous ladder-climbers, D. H. R. Stallybrass, took the coveted chance of sacrificial fireworks. /2r3k1/ ppq2r1p / 4p1pB / b3p3 / 2Pp4 / 3Q1KtR1 / P4K2 / R7 /.

(1) RxP ch, PxR; (2) QxP ch, K-R1; (3) R-R1, RxKt ch; (4) KxR, Q-B3 ch; (5) K-B2, B-KB ch; (6) RxB, R-KKt1; (7) Q-B6 ch, K-R2; (8) Q-B7 ch, K-R1; (9) R-KKt1, Q-K1; 10) B-Kt7 ch, resigns.

For 6 & 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are draws, and very neat ones too. Usual prizes. Entries by 2 August.

B: A. S. Selesniev, 1923: / 6k1 / 4Rppp / 8 / 5KtK1 / b1r5 / 24 /.

C: W. Korteling: / 7k / 7p / 16 / K2R4 / 6p1 / 6b1 / 8 /.

Report on No. 557 Set 16 July

A: 17) Q-K8 ch, RxQ; 18) PxR (Q) ch, BxQ; 19) B-Q6 mate.

B: 1) K-B7, P-K6; 2) Kt-B6 ch, K-R1; 3) Kt-Q5, P-K7; 4) Kt-B4, P=Q; 5) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-R2; 6) Kt-B8 ch etc.

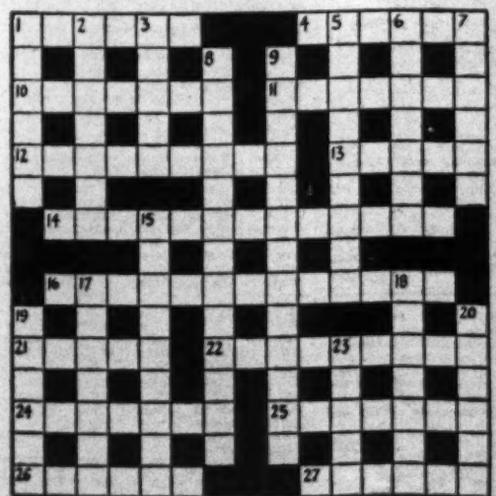
C: 1) B-B5 ch, K-R4; 2) Kt-B6 ch, K-R5; 3) K-R2, P-Kt5 (forced); 4) P-Kt3 ch, K-Kt4; 5) Kt-Q4 ch, K-R4; 6) BxKP, Q-KR1; 7) B-Q8 ch, QxB; 8) Kt-B6 ch etc.

So many flawless solutions that, for once, I must pick seven to share the prizes: D. Hooper, J. F. Kahn, L. G. Kennion, W. T. Maccall, C. Sansom, E. H. Ward, J. J. Walsh. In the 44th ladder decade the four winners are D. E. Cohen (835 points), J. J. Walsh (743 points), E. A. Barclay-Smith (734) and A. J. Sobey (727). They all went back to scratch last week, starting to climb the ladder again. While I am abroad in August and September, entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office by Monday afternoon.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 417

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 417, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 16 August.



ACROSS

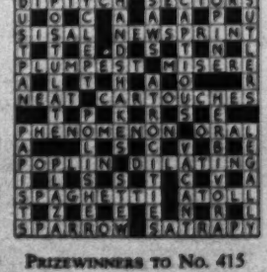
1. 'A Fool lies here who tried to —— the East' (Kipling) (6).
4. Comforted me in the sick-room (6).
10. Rush round wildly like a politician in a temper (7).
11. Ran bids confusingly in strips (7).
12. Decoration won as counted on (9).
13. Role played by Olivier in *Richard II* (5).
14. Footballer about to give orders to an airman (13).
16. Delusion of strange caution in hall (13).
21. Hangs about for singers (5).
22. Unbeatable because without a fixture? (9).
24. Replace the front of the seat and it might do for a large number (7).
25. Smarter finishing with redesigned attire (7).
26. Rider with an old story at heart (6).
27. The Game Chicken wore such a white great-coat in the warmest weather (6).

DOWN

1. May be made hot and beery by this (6).
2. Caste of a Japanese film (7).
3. The animal discovers a road up (5).
5. Potentially a hot and burnt doctor (9).
6. Husband about to catch a French doctor (7).
7. Confounded girl in old man's embrace (6).
8. Control for an industrial product needs extra assistance (13).
9. In talking foolishly mine do differ from the more numerous (13).
15. Auburn's eulogist (9).
17. A team with a supporter from pole to pole (7).
18. 'Magic casements, —— on the foam Of perilous seas' (Keats) (7).
19. Blows for small beer (6).
20. The coin on the salver is missing (6).
23. Pet home for a singer (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 415



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 415

Miss E. de Gruchy (London)
E. Shaw (Dunoon)
Mrs W. Willmott (Abingdon)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ASSISTANT

PUBLICITY MANAGER

FOR PAPERBACKS

Leading paperback publishers require an energetic assistant for their Publicity Manager. An exceptional opportunity for someone interested in gaining all round experience of publisher's advertising. The successful applicant will probably be about 25 and have an eye for detail, an interest in books, and a feeling for design, rather than lengthy experience. Write in confidence giving full details of age, experience, and present salary to Box 6420.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY

Applications invited from young women anxious to take up a career in residential child care who may have been deterred by lack of experience from entering this most rewarding field of social service. An imaginative but practical course of training will commence in October 1960 in a specially equipped house at Beecholme, Banstead, Surrey, one of the Council's homes for children deprived of a normal home life. There are 4 vacancies; the course will last 8 weeks and will be residential; pay during training and employment as assistant housemother thereafter (salary £465-£540 less £138 for board, lodging and laundry, 4 weeks' annual leave). Apply Children's Officer (WDO/NS/1924/8), London County Council, County Hall, SE1.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD –
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

MOORSIDE GIRLS' SCHOOL

QUALIFIED SOCIAL WORKER (Woman) resident or non-resident with particular interest in adolescent girls and their after care.

Applicants must possess a Degree or Diploma in Social Science and have had professional training, or two years' experience.

Salary scale APT I-II, £610-£880 p.a. less £135 p.a. if resident. Superannuable appointment, subject to medical examination.

Apply within 14 days giving date of birth, education, training, present and past appointments (with dates and salaries) and the names and addresses of two referees to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD –
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

MOORSIDE APPROVED SCHOOL

ART TEACHER (Part-time) and TEACHER of Commercial subjects, typing, English and arithmetic – Part-time, non-resident.

Moorside is a Senior Approved School caring for girls on the small group system, and applicants should be keenly interested in the training and rehabilitation of difficult adolescent girls.

Salary based on the Burnham Scale + £120 p.a.

Apply within 14 days giving details of number of hours, time of day etc. when available, also date of birth, education, training, present and past appointments (with dates and salaries) and names and addresses of two referees to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

GENERAL SECRETARY

to Great Britain – USSR Association

(President Earl Attlee

Chairman Sir Fitzroy Maclean MP)

Salary £1,500 p.a. Good Russian essential. Apply, giving full particulars of qualifications and career, and addresses of 3 references to: Secretary, 43 Parliament St, London, SW1, by 23 August.

DEVON County Council require Psychiatric Social Workers for Child Guidance Service. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate or the equivalent but students in training may apply. Whitley Council Scales and conditions. Details and applic. forms, returnable by 20 August 1960 from Principal School Medical Officer, 45 St David's Hill, Exeter.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PRINTED SELLING

Dent's, the publishers, are re-organising their publicity department and seek someone of taste and experience for a senior job at a substantial salary. The work involves the design and production of printed matter of many kinds, especially jackets. The candidate should have real knowledge of production methods and a strong sense of typographical style. If he is so much an all-rounder that he can write selling copy, all the better. Please write fully, in confidence, to John Baker, Director, J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd, Aldine House, 10-13 Bedford St, London, WC2.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

PARENTS are invited to call with teen-age sons and daughters, by appointment if preferred. Excellent openings with leading London Employers for this term's school and college leavers.

STELLA FISHER BUREAU
436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.
Licensed Annually by LCC. Member of Employment Agents' Federation.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary to the University Appointments Board. Applicants should be graduates; appropriate experience is essential. The person appointed will be responsible, under the general direction of a Board set up by the University Council, for the work of the University Appointments Board which is concerned mainly with advising undergraduates and graduates (including those from the Manchester College of Science and Technology) about careers, with their placing in suitable employment and with the establishment and maintenance of contacts with industry, commerce and schools. Duties to commence as soon as possible. Salary within the range £1,925 to £2,325 per annum, according to qualifications and experience, with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Forms of application and further partics may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, to whom applications should be sent by 13 Aug. 1960.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 18 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £32 10s. per month rising to £40, less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker reqd by LCC as local tuberculosis care organiser (half-time) at Lambeth South Chest Clinic, St Francis' Hospital, Constance Road, SE22. Must possess Cert. of Inst. of Hospital Almoners or recognised social science cert. £339 10s. to £442; commencing accdg to quals and expce. Duties of medico-social nature and may include secretarial work arising from administration of local voluntary funds for benefit of patients. Married women eligible. Form from Divisional Medical Officer, (D1/NS/1961/8), 128 Brook Drive, SE11. Closing date 17 Aug.

MIDDLESEX County Council. County Health Dept. (1) Psychiatric Social Workers for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service, reqd in East Division, Tottenham, East Central Division, Wood Green, West Central Division, Brentford and West Division, Uxbridge. Adequate office accommodation and clerical assistance available. Offers scope and interest in this field of psychiatric social work. There is an establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers, and a County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser has been appointed. Case-work consultation with experienced psychiatric social workers available for the newly qualified. PTA qualifications and salary. Established. Car allowance payable. Particulars and 2 referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5, & 7 Old Queen Street, SW1 by 29 August. Education Dept. (2) Assistant Youth Employment Officer (male) reqd at Tottenham Youth Employment Bureau. Good, education essential, experience in teaching, youth employment or industry desirable. Salary: APT I – £610-£765 plus London Weighting up to £40. Commencing salary according to ability, qualifications and experience. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, SW1 returnable by 15 August. All posts: prescribed conditions. (Quote D.294).

MARLBOROUGH Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, NW8. Art Therapist reqd for two sessions p. w. – £1 3s. 9d. per session. Apply Medical Director.

HOUSEPARENTS required, young adult spastic centre near London; full social life, congenial surroundings. Box 6398.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Assistant Matron required for relief duties in emergencies arising at residential establishments through absence of senior staff. Person selected would have permanent single quarters at one of six large homes, probably in South-East London, but would be required to reside temporarily at other establishments, while acting as relief. Previous experience of resident child care work in supervisory capacity, including domestic arrangements, essential. Home Office Certificate in Child Care (Residential) desirable. £580 – 25 – 605 – 20 – 665 (subject to review) according to qualifications and experience, less £138 for board, lodging and laundry. Forms from Children's Officer, (E1/NS/2013/8), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 31 August.

SENIOR Child Welfare Officers. The London County Council requires two suitably qualified Senior Child Welfare Officers for employment at the following Area Children's Offices:— Area 2. 23/7 Euston Rd, NW1. 'Reception' area: Hampstead, Paddington, St Marylebone, Westminster, St Pancras. Out-Country boarding out area: Central Middlesex, Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire. Area 9. 239 Balham High Rd, SW17. 'Reception' area: Battersea and Wandsworth. Out-Country boarding out area: West Surrey, West Sussex, Hampshire. The persons selected would be required to direct, supervise and co-ordinate the work of five child welfare officers and subsequently might carry a small personal case-load or be directly responsible for other social work within a limited field. The positions of Senior Child Welfare Officer are ones of considerable responsibility, providing opportunities for comprehensive experience in case-work supervision, in the oversight of staff and also affording a valuable 'background' for officers ultimately seeking further promotion. Candidates must have previous field experience of work with deprived children and their families, preferably in a supervisory capacity. It is therefore highly desirable that candidates should possess either Home Office Certificate in Child Care or the Certificate in Applied Social Studies. Salary within the range £850 to £1,185, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Forms (returnable by 31 August) from Children's Officer (E1/NS/1999/8), County Hall, London, SE1.

SURREY Education Committee—Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for post of Vocational Guidance Officer to assist in advisory work for older school leavers. Candidates should possess University degree. Experience in Youth Employment work or in teaching older pupils desirable. Salary APT Division V £1,220 × £55 × £30 – £1,395 p.a., plus London Allowance. Commencing salary according to experience and qualifications. Further particulars and application form obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. to Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames. Applications to be returned by 12 August 1960.

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry, University of London. Social worker required for three years survey of health in Croydon. Duties mainly household interviewing by questionnaire. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance to start in October, and could be full-time or part-time by arrangement. Applicants should be within easy reach of Croydon. Salary full-time £750, part-time, pro rata. Apply, The Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5.

EASTMAN Dental Hospital and Institute of Dental Surgery (University of London), Gray's Inn Road, London, WC1 Person with drawing ability required on research project for tracing X-ray films. 24 hours per week (3/4 days). Salary £5 7s. 6d. per week. Apply in writing to Jack R. Tayler, Secretary to the Board within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

FAMILY Service Units require Finance Officer to assist General Secretary. Responsible and adaptable man or woman with sound knowledge of general office routine and acounts required. 4-wks holiday Salary according to quals. and experience but not less than £600 p.a. Apply in writing to Secretary, 25 St Mary's Grove, N1.

INDUSTRIAL librarian required at the headquarters of the C. & J. Clark Group in Somerset. Duties will be to build up a reference library, run an abstract service for management, and maintain comprehensive files of commercial intelligence. Experience in a similar post desirable but interest in economic affairs and industrial management problems essential. Age 25-30. Salary £800-£1,000. Applications should be made to the Senior Personnel Officer, C. & J. Clark Limited (Shoemakers), Street, Somerset. Envelopes should be marked 'Private/JT'.

PERSONAL secretarial assistant required, versatile, intelligent and responsible, to oil the wheels of a research and development programme, partly carried out at a College in London, where the post would be based. Apart from the more usual secretarial duties an essential is the ability to type accurately reports of a chemical nature. Good salary. Write full details to Box 6264.

YOUNG go-ahead director of streamlined printing/design unit on its way to a place in the sun, needs equally go-ahead personal assistant/secretary. Write giving experience, and salary reqd to Box 6382.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PASSPORT Control Examiners: Foreign Office. 2 pensionable posts for service abroad, mainly in the capital cities of Europe and in the Middle East, for men at least 30 and under 48 on 1.7.60 of good general education and having a thorough command of, and substantial qualifications (e.g. university degree or long residence abroad) in two or more foreign languages, one of which must be French, German, or Spanish. Experience of interviewing and knowledge of visa work an advantage. Salary scale £960 – £1,044 plus overseas allowances. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5176/60. Closing date 19 August 1960.

YOUNG graduate economist/statistician required for economic intelligence department of the C. & J. Clark Group at their headquarters in Somerset. Duties will include the preparation of periodic statistical reports and commentaries, research into a wide range of managerial problems and the interpretation of market research data. One or two years' similar experience preferable. Salary range £700-£900. Applications should be made to the Senior Personnel Officer, C. & J. Clark Limited (Shoemakers), Street, Somerset. Envelopes should be marked 'Private/JT'.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, (co-ed., 9-18) requires for September 1960, or January 1961, Geography Master to take charge of the subject throughout the school. Interesting region for geologists. Resident post. Burnham scale. Government Superann. Apply in writing to Principals, enclosing testimonials, curriculum vitae and mentioning interest in any other subjects or activities.

LIBRARY assistant required by firm of consulting engineers, interested in all aspects of engineering, building and architecture. Applicants should have at least two parts of the LA Registration Exam. Exper. in a special library is desirable. Salary according to exper. and quals. Please write, giving full details, to: Ove Arup & Partners, 13 Fitzroy St, London, W1. Closing date for application, 31 August 1960.

BOOK-KEEPER. Pleasant and presentable lady required for responsible and congenial post in small office WC1 district. Applicants should possess a sound knowledge of double-entry book-keeping to TB stage, be conversant with PAYE and be reasonably proficient at typing. Shorthand and knowledge of export documentation are added advantages but not necessary. Progressive salary. Hours 9.30-5.30. No Sats. Upper age limit 40. Phone CHA. 4882 for appointment or write with full particulars to Box 6375.

SECRETARY for West End property company. Salary £17. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

INTERESTING and worthwhile job available now for intelligent personal assistant with good speeds and wide interests. Five-day week, 9.30 to 5.30. £10-£12 depending experience. Apply Africa Educational Trust, 9 Hop Gardens, St Martin's Lane, WC2.

PUBLISHING and Advertising secretarial posts: Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

EDUCATIONAL Organisation have a vacancy for intelligent person with knowledge of accountancy. Good salary. Earls Court Employment Bureau, 52 Earls Ct Rd, Kensington, W8. WES. 6759.

LIBEL Lawyer requires secretary/shorthand-typist to assist in resisting claims against newspapers and publishers. Never a dull moment in congenial and friendly office 5-day week 3 weeks' holiday Good salary Box 6286

PART/full-time secretary willing to teach shorthand-typewriting wanted by school in West End. Box 6319

PART-time Assistant Leader reqd for evening work with progressive Youth Club in South London. Salary according to age and experience. Box 6435.

SECRETARY/Shorthand typist; varied and interesting. £12 and L.V.'s. Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1.

IF You can't afford a 'long recess', how about tea, a chat and a job at Winifred Johnson's Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1, (next door to Gamages). HOL. 0390.

CLASP your money to you with a pained surprise. Well, not pained, actually, but you will be surprised at the unusually high pay you'll earn from our American firm by presenting a colorful new children's educational program to US military families in Europe. Please send your serious inquiry with résumé to Box 6125.

TRANSLATIONS: Russian into English. Large volume, principally physical sciences. Good remuneration for finished work. Write: Apartment 10 C, 333 East 46th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts, £650-£800 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUS 7379

PART-time typist, varied and interesting work, own office if pref. Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1. HYD. 1738.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. Lecturer in Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. Salary Scale: £A1,675 – 95(7) – 2,340, with superannuation on the FSSU basis. The duties will include lecturing in one of the following: social casework, social group work, community organisation, social administration, sociology. Copies of the general conditions of appointment of lecturers in the University may be had on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or to the Registrar. The Calendar of the University may be seen in the Library of any University which is a member of the AUBC; housing help is available; and any further information desired will be supplied on request. Applications, in duplicate and giving the information listed in the general conditions of appointment, should reach the Registrar, The University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 31 August 1960.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, S. Devon. Required in September, Housemother, to take charge of senior house (35 boys and girls aged 13 to 18) in this coeducational boarding school. Someone with child of school age, preferably 10 to 12, would be considered. The post offers scope for a person of wide interests. Apply the Joint Principals.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED Secretary, good French, now married, skx responsible & interesting part-time post, secretarial or otherwise, arts/professions. Late Sept. Box 6368

24-year-old Englishwoman just graduated MA Hons (Edin.) eloquent French and Italian acquired Paris and Sienna, seeks hidicrously over- or underpaid job with films, books or music. Box 6397.

GRADUATE (m) requires temporary job Aug./Sept., outdoor preferred Qual teacher, linguist. Box 5472

PHILATELIST, dependable man (30's), excellent personal references, wants responsible post with firm, shop, collections, stamp magazine (has published articles). London or to travel. Trained photographer. Details please; in confidence. Box 6266

NATIVE French teacher, 34, seeks post. 10 years' teaching experience. Mr Jean Oulouhodjian, 76 Boulevard des Grands Pins, Marseilles 10, France.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?' on Beer, on Exposure Meters, on Vacuum Flasks, on Geometry Sets, in the August issue. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, WC1.

AUGUST 'Labour Monthly'. Historic Issues Facing Labour, Andrew Rothstein; Hands Off Congo, A. Tuckett; Crisis in Coal, W. Paynter. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly, Dept N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'A & N' The Library Service which provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges anywhere in Great Britain. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1

'NEGLECTED Poet' spotted by Third Programme! Edgell Rickword's "Collected Poems' are available from Collet's London Bookshop, 66 Charing X Rd, WC2.

HOUSES by the million. See how the Soviet Union tackles its housing problems with new building techniques. Also information on rents; priority in rehousing; how housing schemes are financed, in our 4 August issue of Soviet Weekly, price 3d. From your newsagent or direct from Dept. (N), 3 Rosary Gdns, London, SW7. Subs.: 3s. 3d. per qtr. and pro rata.

THE Dogs' Bulletin, Britain's only canine newspaper, requires topical articles and short stories of high quality about dogs and occasionally cats. Length 1,000 – 1,200 words. Payment up to 12 gns. Occasional poems. Nothing twee or sickly sentimental. Publication monthly. 10 Seymour St, W1.

YOUR Book pleasingly produced at low cost; sample post free; existing books reproduced. Broadacre Books, Morley St. Bradford 7.

BOOKS bought; any quantity; all subjects. Van collects CHAncery 9241 10-4.30 Collins & Gray, 14 Churton St, SW1

BOOKS: offers made for English, German, French. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, NW6. PRI 2585

BOOKS wanted: 50% paid for review copies, libraries purchased. Write Rialto Books, 65 Broadwick St, W1.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR, we buy books, pamps., jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6 RIV 6807

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Striner (Books). AMBassador 1564

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd. NW8

NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

PERSONAL

'JASON'S TRIP'
on Regent's Canal.

For information
John James,

Barge Tab, Blomfield Road, W9.

Telephone: CUN. 3428 or CUN. 9869

WANTED: Pavement model cycle in good condition for boy aged 6. London area. Box 6465.

DOCTOR, disabled, discouraged, seeks employment, not necessarily medical. Suggestions, offers, welcomed. Box 6054.

JOIN the L.O.S. Film Society, 154 Bayswater Road, W2. Write for details.

POET wishes to join group for criticism of members work. Dets please Box 6426

POLITICALLY frustrated? Send s.a.e. for details of progressive party now in formative stage. Box 6322.

NON-Smokers' Rights! Join Nat. Soc. of Non-Smokers, 138 E. Dulwich Gr., SE22.

WANTED: 'au pair' girl. Central London. Free 10.30-3.30 & Sun. Box 6427.

EDITOR required for typescript of District Officer's life on Danakil Coast. Applicants must have at least one published book to their credit. Knowledge arid territories advantage but not essential. Profit-sharing basis. Box 6314.

W1 (close Baker St), bed-sitters plus communal facilities. Inexp. vacant furn. or unfurn. Families or single people. Co-operative venture/adventure. Box 6318.

WANTED to hire/buy; set of used French linguaphone records. EUS 1504

CENTRAL London Non-Prof. Theatrical Co req Actors, Actresses, Stage Staff & Instrumentalists. Now Casting The Paragon, Cinderella, Blithe Spirit, Shakespeare, Deep Blue Sea, Rose Tattoo. Box 6261.

ENGLISH woman, forties, resident Paris, skx another for theatres, concerts, weekends, etc. Please tel. evg Odeon 93.22.

AMATEUR actors and actresses required by the Classic Jewish Theatre Group for a new play by the young Jewish playwright Alan Sapper. Auditions at WCOB Club, The Synagogue, 21 Dean Street, W1, on Tuesday 9 August at 8 p.m.

ITALIAN lessons wanted, revising grammar and conversation. Box 6357.

HAPPY nursery life in comf. cottage for babies and small children while parents are on holiday. Marguerite Hirst, Well Yard, Beyton, Bury St Edmunds.

GUITAR Lessons Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA 4354.

BARRISTER, practised, MA (Oxon) offers holiday plus law tutoring in lge flat, pleasant suburb Barcelona. Full board & tutoring £12 weekly. Box 6018.

CHILDREN'S summer holiday school. Every care. Trained staff. Write Principal, 18 Callis Court Road, Broadstairs, Kent. Telephone Thanet 62783.

VETERINARY Fees and £10,000 Third Party Indemnity are covered by Canine Insurance. Dogs get run over, die prematurely from disease or poison, cause accidents, get lost etc. Is your dog covered by insurance? Reasonable premiums. Write at once for free brochure. Canine Insurance Assn, 90 Gracechurch St, London, EC3. (estab. over a quarter of a century).

LYRICS wanted: American company supplying station identifications to radio and TV stations wants new and fresh lyrics for jingles, which should be short, snappy, and jolly. £1 for each lyric accepted. Write to: Custom Identifications Inc. Box 37, Long Island City 3, NY, for examples and instructions.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail (1) au pair (2) req free board & lodg in exch 4 hrs. help. (3) also paying un contrib f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Join now while guinea entrance fee is suspended. Enquiries invited about membership and flying visit 2 September to Bruges (Belgium) to the Exhibition, 'The Century of the Flemish Primitives'.

FOREIGN Languages on Records Visaphone French, German, Russian (soon) £8 11s. Interpret Holiday Courses £3 12s. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish, German 37s. Free Trial – No Deposit Details from: BBS Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley St, London, WC1. MUS 7223

HOLIDAY Help: Educated foreign girls want 'au pair' posts for 2-4 mths. ACB Ltd. 148 Walton St, SW3 KEN 1586

PERSONAL—continued

2-3 seats available in car going to Frankfurt about 19 September. Driving not essential. Box 6448.

WANT to Write? Then you want Know-How! No Sales – No fees training means writing success for you. Benefit also from The Writer, plus two practical writing encyclopaedias – free! Send for Free N3 Know-How Guide to Writing Success' (45th Edition). BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

'AU pair' girl wanted, London NW10 area. GLAdstone 2675 after 7 p.m.

WRITE for Profit and Make a Second Income in Spare Time. Send for free 24-page booklet, which tells how you can sell articles, stories, etc. to a very wide market. (1,750 editors have bought RI students' work).—Regent Institute (Dept T/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

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SWISS Cottage. Unfurnished garden flat, 2 bedrms, 1 rec., hall, kit. & bath; front & back playspace for kids, sandbox. £260 p.a. (inc.), £250 for redecorations & fittings. 3/4 yr. lease. PRI. 2147.

ONE or two girls (tolerant of cats!) to share Ldn flat, Regents Pk, for holiday period (Aug.) V. low rent. Box 6351.

WELL furn. 1st fl. flat, 2 bed, lounge, mod. kit., 'frig., bathrm, w.c. PUT. 3713 after 7 p.m.

KING'S Cross; fully furnished flat to let in quiet house. Tel. NORth 5822.

LARGE rm in delightful flat. Use bathrm, kit., tel. 1/2 people. Box 6379.

COMF. bed-sit., use din./kit., with one person. £2 15s. p.w. SPE. 6411.

HAMPSTEAD. Double furn. room, newly dec., gas fire, cooker, hand basin, bed linen, crockery, tel. Use gdn. Colour unimportant. 52s. 6d. HOL. 6237, not Fri.

LGE comf. dble bed-sit., ckg fac's, share bathrm, quiet house. LAD. 3031.

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—cont'd

PROFESSIONAL woman wants somebody to share Kensington flat. Own room. Reasonable rent. Box 6415.

3 ROOMED flat to let overlooking Hampstead Heath and Ponds from mid-Sept. Apply Burman & Partners, 1 Heath St, NW3. HAM. 7505. Two adults only.

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BOURNEMOUTH Coast. Exc. fully furn 22 ft caravans, on exc. Parks. Bournemouth Caravan Co., Bournemouth

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BRILLIANT but poor scientist, medical student wife, need small pleasant furnished flat near Bloomsbury. Box 6361.

TWO senior nursing staff need s/c. furn. flat, central area London. Reasonable rent, long let assured. Box 6363.

ART teacher, male, skx large room, pref part furn., unfurn. Separate cooking facs. Willing decorate. London. Box 6378

INDIAN Civil Servant, English wife (grad. tutor), 3 children, req. unfurn. gdn. flat. Reas. rent. PRI. 7917.

STUDENT (f.) 18, seeks accom. London area. Share flat/room. Anything considered. 6 wks-2 mths from Oct. Box 6396.

QUIET lady requires small single furn. s/c. flat or flatlet with own cooking facilities and b. & c. Victoria Station/Westminster Cathedral area. Box 6462.

HIGH room with far view required. Box 6186.

YOUNG scientist, wife, child, req small furn./unfurn. flat Sept. Box 6432.

WHERE TO STAY

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs & milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch. Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx Robertsbridge 126

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SOMERSET cottage. Gd food. Ideal rest/tour. Three Chimneys, Timsbury, Som.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country 5s posted Victor Hilton, 5 Sundial House, Torquay

PARIS Pension, 75 Rue Cardinal Lemoine, Ve. Full bd 38s, half 30s, dly Quiet, English spoken. Gd cuisine, recom.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo), Brittany Keryvoon Hotel. From 30s. (25s Sept.) Modern. Comfortable. Seaviews. Sands. Illustr. Leaflet.

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GRANITE 6-rm house on glorious moor, own electricity, Aga. £3,500 for quick sale. Pring, Glengairn, Ballater, Aberdeen.

PROPERTY WANTED

CANADIAN family want furnished house north London September, one year. Three bedrms, reasonable rent. Box 6366.

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A Masked Ball, Flying Dutchman, Aniara, Alcina.

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2 Cycles of 'The Ring.' Seats available for single perfs (1st Cycle only: 16, 21, 26, 30 Sept.).

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Evgs 7.30. Mat. Sats 2.30
Sadler's Wells Opera in
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Edward German

THEATRES

ARTS TEM. 3334. 8. Thurs., Sat. 5 & 8. 'The Last Angle'. Members.

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HENRY WOOD
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3rd Bath Bach Festival. 22-29 Oct. 14 Concerts, 40 Soloists. Complete Brochure from Bach Festival Secretary, Bath (3d. stamp).

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Ballet in Tchaikovsky's 'Swan Lake' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer revivals: Until 7 August; Guinness in 'The Horse's Mouth' (U). From 8 August: Henry Fonda in 'Twelve Angry Men' (U).

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday Film Season. 6 p.m. Comédie Française in Beaumarchais' play 'The Marriage of Figaro' (U) with music by Mozart. 8.30 p.m. Russian Colour Film of Dostoievsky's novel 'The Idiot' (U). Suns. only to 11 Sept. (ex. 21 Aug.) All seats bookable. WAT. 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MASTERS OF MODERN ART - Important Sale Exhibition of works by BONNARD, BRAQUE, DUFY, KANDINSKY, KLEE, LEGER, MODIGLIANI, MONET, PICASSO, SUTHERLAND, UTRILLO, VAN GOGH etc., etc. New Sculpture by HENRY MOORE. Illus. catalogue £1. Adm. free. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

PICASSO prints by Ganymed from 14s. to £4. Full details from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

PICASSO. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 18 September. Weekdays 10-8; Suns. 2-8. Admn. 3s. 6d. (Note late openings daily).

'PARIS in the Twenties' - Souvenirs of British, French and American writers from Sylvia Beach's Left Bank Bookshop. At the USIS Gallery, 41 Grosvenor Sq, London, W1. Closing 12 August. Monday-Friday, 9-6. Admission free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions; 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

TWENTIETH Century Original Prints from the Camberwell Collection, South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, SE5. Until 13 August. Daily 10-6. Sunday 3-6. Free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1 Picasso: Gravures sur Linoléum 1958-60. Until 2 Sept. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Sculpture by Ronald Moody. Drawings, Patterns for Pottery. 25 July-13 Aug. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. Summer Exhibition 1960. De Stael: Soulages: Ernst: Manessier: Sutherland: Richards: Nicholson: Reynolds: Wilson: etc. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes 1 Sept.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond Street. Water-Colours and Drawings of Today. 7th Exhibition.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Summer Exhibition - Recent Acquisitions. 19th & 20th Century Drawings and Paintings.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery, Bores-Gouaches and Drawings. Until 6 August. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings by the Australian artist Arthur Boyd. Till 20 August.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings and Drawings by Bruno Manini. Dly. inc. Sats. 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1. Till 12 August.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Luther, Pass & Jolan Williams. Till 10 Aug. 10-6.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Hitchens, Hilton, Frost, Heron, Wynter, Yeats. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints: George Chapman, the Rhondda Suite, etchings of the Rhondda Valley with associated drawings. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1. 7 Cork Street, W1. REG. 3660.

CANALETTO Gallery - converted barge moored on Grand Union Canal facing 60 Blomfield Rd, W9 Tube Warwick Ave. Recent Paintings, Watercolours & Drawings by Phyl Nunn & Eugenie Camp. Until 20 August. Every day 11 a.m.-9 p.m.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography. 12-9 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

'ENGLAND in the 30's', lecture by Francesca Wilson; poetry readings: William Russell of The Old Vic; 7 p.m. Fri. 5 Aug., Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, WC2. Admission free.

'THAT this House considers that a belief in a deity is necessary to the well-being of humanity' - New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1., Wed. 10 Aug. at 8 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Derek Sington on 'Political Developments in the Far East', 7.30 p.m. Wed. 10 Aug., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

LIFE, Death and Nirvana. Public lecture, 7 Aug. 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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CHINESE Corres. College: Japanese, Scient. Chinese, 26 Oral Evng Crses, priv. tuition. 13 Park Ave Nth, Lond. N8.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

ADLERIAN Society (for Individual Psychology) Weekend Lecture School, 29 Sept. to 2 Oct., St Anne's College, Oxford. 'Fear and Anxiety in Human Relationships'. Details: Sec., 49 Sudbury Ave, Wembley. Non-members welcome.

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GREEK Restaur., White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUS. 3141. Open till 10 p.m.

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MY WIFE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ME EITHER, MY SWEET
WHY DOESN'T YOUR WIFE UNDERSTAND YOU?
I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND WHY SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ME - WHY DOESN'T YOUR HUSBAND UNDERSTAND YOU?
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT EITHER - WHY CAN'T YOUR WIFE UNDERSTAND YOU? - I CAN!
NOW LOOK HERE - HOW CAN YOU SAY YOU UNDERSTAND ME WHEN YOU CAN'T EVEN UNDERSTAND WHY MY WIFE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ME?
YOU CAN'T EVEN HAVE AN AFFAIR DECENTLY!
GET LOST!
GASK

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